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Sports Illustrated

JUNE 23, 1969 50 CENTS

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so has the field!

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AstroTurf

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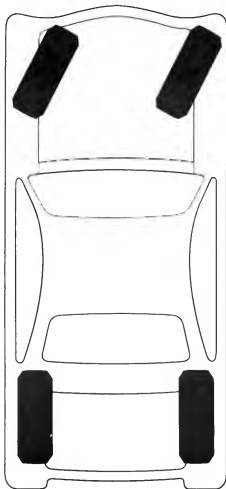
Next week

THE NEW, RAUCOUS CURBS have lost their old geriatric under the hand of Leo Durocher. Robert Boyle tells how even the hulkier gets into the act, leading cheers in the bleachers

A HEALTHY JIM RYUN and a trio of shotputters make Kansas the favorite at the NCAA track championships, but watch out for John Carlos and his fellow San Jose sprinters

A SCRUFFY BALL of orphan fuzz was Owl when he came to live in the Servino family's coffee can. But he stayed long enough to leave behind a large owl-shaped hole in their lives.

Your front wheels steer the car.
Your rear wheels push the car.



SHOPWALK

The best cowboy boots in the world are too good for a mere working cowboy

On one side is the Chicken Shack, unfortunately closed these many months, and on the other the Sammie Hotel. This is the intersection of Avenue A and 17th Street in Lubbock, Texas, the Mecca of the Drugstore Cowboy, i.e., the location of Willie Lusk's Boot Shop.

In this land of mass production Willie Lusk is something of an anomaly. He admits cheerfully to being the world's only 6' 6", 265-pound Negro (he says "Negro") bootmaker, and if you insist—as a great many people do—that he is also the world's best cowboy bootmaker you are not likely to get any arguments from Willie Lusk. Good nature and fine leather make remarkably agreeable companions.

Admittedly, no working wrangler could ever afford a Lusk boot but a lot of working bankers can and so can an address book full of movie and television personalities and country-music singers.

Several Rockefellerers are Lusk customers and so are Robert Taylor and Audie Murphy and both Antonio and Andy Lusk serves a few Cabinet officers, too, and the governors of several Western states.

Becoming a Lusk customer is no casual matter, and once you become one there is no turning back. A Las Vegas citizen named Benny Binion is a prize example. In the past 25 years Binion has purchased something like 150 pairs of Willie Lusk cowboy boots, including top-of-the-line fine-grain, matched, checked alligator, which retails at a cool \$750 per pair.

Should you, like some others, prove to be a possibly more modest spender who prefers to shop among the bottom-of-the-line items Willie Lusk will lavish almost as much care on his \$85 specials for you. Below that price, you get directions to the nearest Thom McAn's.

All Lusk boots are handmade, and every Lusk customer has his foot immortalized on a hand-drawn chart on which are numbers representing the curious ridges, elevations and depressions of the human foot. It resembles a topographical map of strategic importance. Each chart is retained in perpetuity, and though some of the charts are crinkling with age a visitor gains the impression they are permanent even if the customer is not.

The efficacy of this policy was readily apparent recently when Lusk received an order from a man in Great Yarmouth who had bought his first pair of Willie Lusk boots in 1951, his second pair in 1953 and had not been heard from again until this fall. Willie Lusk assumes the boots are just now wearing out.

Lusk and his assistant craftsmen (four at present)

continued

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SHOWWALK continued

the latest count) are always several weeks behind on their orders but, even if they were not, the man who deserves a pair of Lusk boots must learn to be patient. Lusk will not make any boots without first making his chart ("If a boot don't fit it ain't worth buying" is one of his maxims). The simplest and surest way to get your boots started is to fly into Lubbock, although if you happen to be in Las Vegas during Holidorado or so Miles City, Mont. during the horse sale Lusk will take your order and survey your feet there. And keep your check-book handy. "We give credit only to those 80 years or over and then only when accompanied by their parents," is another Lusk maxim.

Delivery generally takes about eight weeks even during the winter when Lusk and his associates work a 16-hour day and push production to around 18 pairs per week.

While Lusk learned his trade during an old-fashioned apprenticeship. His master was a man named Frank Urban, a Crochotlovak native who emigrated to San Angelo, Texas and took Lusk on as his first pupil during the late 1920s when it became apparent his own two sons had no zest for the business. Urban had been a bootmaker in Europe and applied the old-world techniques to making boots for West Texas cowboys. Lusk worked with him for seven years, at one dollar per day, until he moved to Lubbock in 1934 and joined the celebrated Brown's Saddle Shop, which was employing 22 expert bootmakers when it closed down in 1946.

Lusk moved to Avenue A in October of that year, and by Christmas he was six months behind on his orders. Each of the men in the Lusk shop is actually in competition with the others. An order is handled, from first shaping to final stitching, by one person rather than passed around from specialist to specialist. Lusk today detects a leaning toward a stylish conservatism. "You don't find many fancy boots today," he says. "They're not a fad anymore."

The fanciest pair of boots Lusk ever made was for a Western singer 15 years ago, who ordered the dead man's poker hand (a pair of aces and a pair of eights) on one boot and a whiskey bottle on the other. Unhappily, the singer never became well known, though there are Lubbock residents and Lusk fans who insist his boots should have made the Top Ten charts even if the singer never did.

Every Lusk boot contains, or rather fails to contain, a reverse status symbol. Nowhere, not on the sole or down in some obscure nook on the inside or anywhere else, is there a marker indicating the boot was made in the Lusk shop. You have to know you are wearing a Lusk boot and hope your friends have taste enough to know it, too.

—CHARLES GILLESPIE

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Bob Dickson	Bob McCallister	Art Wall
Dale Douglass	Mac McLendon	Tom Watson
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Ole Falseth	Billy Maxwell	Ben Young
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* Amateur

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It has nine tread rows as opposed to the five tread rows that most of the tires on the road today have. So you always have an enormous amount of biting edges (the little slits in the tread rows) in contact with the road.

Understandably, this leads to excellent steering control.

And, if you'll look closely at the picture of the front tire down below, you'll see that the groove between the last two tread rows on either side is straight (the rest of the grooves, you'll notice, are kind of zigzag). Well, this makes cornering just about as smooth as it can be.

Now let's talk about the rear tire.

First of all, it's wider than the front. So right off the bat, you have the benefit of more rubber on the road.

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By the way, the biting edges on the tread of both tires (except for the deep-lug section of the rear tire) are at ninety-degree angles from side to side. Which results in excellent road bite when you hit the brakes. Even on wet roads.

Both tires also have steel-reinforced tread—and a belt underneath the tread—for hazard protection (as well as extra mileage). And if, through some incredible feat of strength, a nail does manage to get through all that, there's a special liner underneath which will strangle the nail and cut off virtually all air leakage.

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A tire for the rear



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Yes, we're trying to tell you something. We realize that not every advertiser is vitally interested in talking to spelunkers. Or, for that matter, to skin divers. Or explorers. But our point is, *The Digest* is the favorite magazine of all sorts of active, affluent people. (It is bought by 50% of all *Sports Illustrated* families, for example.) And it's bought by far more young people than any other general magazine. More boat owners, more sports-car drivers, more people who pilot planes, more—well, you name it. So when you advertise in *The Digest*, you not only reach the biggest, richest market in the world, you also get to talk to the most interesting people.

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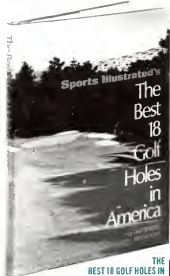
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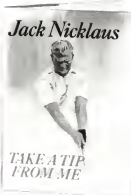
...a uniquely designed instructional by Jack Nicklaus who suggests that you **Take A Tip From Me** and then offers you 54 eminently enjoyable and practical lessons that will help you think and play your way to better golf. Jack's tips cover three vital areas of the game: technical explanations of how to improve your swing, strategic explanations of how to prepare yourself mentally for the round, and practical explanations of how to play selective shots.



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SCORECARD

PAL JOEY

Joe Namath's position is deteriorating. The alleged principles on which he stood seem now to have been largely a matter of expedience. His relations with Mafia types and professional gamblers were not just accidental barroom encounters, as the story on page 24 makes clear, but extended into his home. Perhaps the kindest thing that can be said is that Broadway Joe is beginning to look like Beaver Falls Joe—a country boy taken by the city slickers. As Bear Bryant told Namath after Pete Rozelle's death to sell his share of Bachelors III: "Joe, if these friends of yours really cared about you, then'd make you get out."

In California last week Joe expressed an earnest desire to have another talk with Rozelle. There's a lot to talk about.

SNOW JOE

For a few moments there it looked as though the ski people had run a play around Avery Brundage. Dispatches from Warsaw, where Brundage's International Olympic Committee held its annual meeting, said that the IOC had endorsed the radical new plan submitted by the Fédération Internationale de Ski (FIS). The plan would let the FIS pretty much run its own show as far as amateurism was concerned, and it would include a liberalized system of payments to skiers (SCORECARD, June 2). A stunning defeat for Brundage, the first reports said—Brundage rebuffed.

Well, the IOC did endorse the FIS plan in principle, but there were a couple of curves hidden in the IOC statement (which Marc Hodler, the FIS president, said had been "written in Brundage's own words.") For example, still to be worked out was the final interpretation of "broken time" payments to skiers. The FIS wants broken time to be paid for as long as nine months a year; Olympic rules limit it to one month, and the IOC said at Warsaw that "all national associations [must] work under the same set of rules . . . in all sports."

The FIS also proposed that competitive skiers entitled to liberalized payments be "licensed" by their national federations, the IOC said fine, but we will have to approve the terms under which they are licensed.

When it was over, the FIS was sitting there with a plan that had been approved and yet not approved. If it was a victory, it was one that left the skiers pretty much where they were before the battle. And the 82-year-old Brundage, as always, had the last say. In the closing press conference he declared that Articles eight and nine of the FIS eligibility rules (the controversial ones) had been, in effect, rejected. He softened that at the urging of a fellow IOC member but reiterated that the FIS, like other sport federations, must comply with the Olympic rules.

So, if the FIS is to defeat Brundage, the final battle is yet to come.

SHAPE OF THINGS

If you happen to be in Wisconsin this Sunday you might want to attend a sneak preview of the Lew Alcindor-Milwaukee Bucks show. Lew and the Bucks play an intrasquad game—though not in some secluded gym. Instead, they are appearing at the Milwaukee Arena (capacity: 11,138), and tickets are priced at \$2 a throw. It will be Alcindor's first public performance since the usually mild-mannered giant allegedly broke Dennis Grey's jaw with one punch in a pickup game in Los Angeles (Grey is suing for \$1 million), and there is no telling what kind of a contest it will be. But you can bet that it will set all sorts of attendance and gate-receipt records for a practice game.

UP THERE

Alemdor had other problems this week, too. He graduated from UCLA—and to do so required a cap and gown. "There weren't any gowns in our stock that were long enough," said Frank Halberg of UCLA, "and we had to order one ex-

pecially from Collegiate Cap and Gown in Champaign, Ill. We had to have a gown at least 70 inches long. Actually, I stretched things just a bit. I told them, at first, I needed one 85¾ inches long, which is Lewie's exact height.

"How long?" they asked. "That guy would have to be 9 feet tall."

"But when I told them 70 inches, they said O.K. They had one but they'd have to shorten it. I thought they were kidding, but they weren't. They had one they made last year for a girl 7'7". They had to shorten it five inches."

Halberg doesn't know the girl's name. If any NBA or ABA team has signed her, it's being kept pretty quiet.

TANGLE

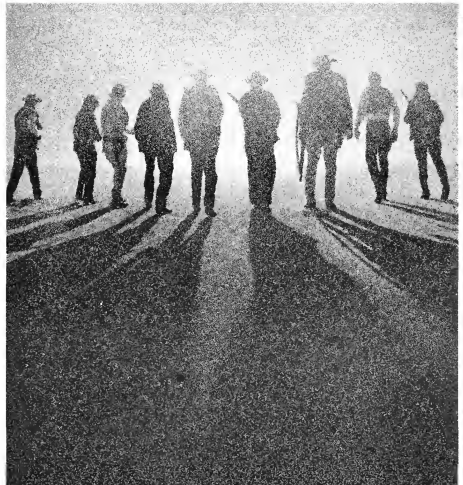
Did you know that worms were bad for fish? Especially when they are on a hook? Yellowstone Park officials figure that when undersized fish caught on artificial lures are released and returned to the water about 96% of them survive. But al-



most 50% of the fish taken on live bait die after being released. The reason is, simply, that fish tend to swallow live bait, worms in particular, hook and all.

Park officials ruled, therefore, that bait fishing was out in Yellowstone Park waters. However, the officials had failed to reckon with the fathers of small boys and girls. A group of parents worked up some splendid statistics, which they more or less defied the park officials to refute. They said that when their offspring used flies and other artificial lures, 75% of the fathers' time was spent untangling lines. But adult fishing time was interrupted only 25% of the time when the kids used the hook-and-worm method.

continued



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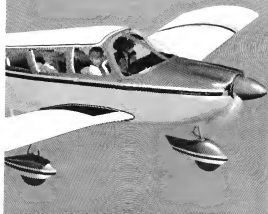
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SCORECARD *continued*

Yielding to argument and tradition, park officials recanted. Now, children under 12 will be allowed to drown worms in most areas, and fathers can utilize that extra free time to untangle their own lines.

HIGHWAYMEN

In constructing Interstate Highway 80 through Clarion County, the Pennsylvania State Highways Department was guilty of polluting part of Beaver Creek—one of the best trout streams in the western section of the state. But nothing can be done about it. The conservation director of the state's Department of Mines said, "If this had been done by a strip miner, we would have shut down his operations. We have no control over the highways department."

BACK HOME IN INDIANA

Things having to do with the Indianapolis 500 are seldom dull. In May, during practice runs for the 500, *The Indianapolis Star* ran a picture of a fireman holding a hose at the ready near a car that had just been in an accident. In the fire hose was a knot. The caption read "Knot Working. Luckily, the car didn't catch fire." The Speedway track fireman holding the hose didn't know about his predicament.

When the *Star's* photographer arrived at the track after the story had appeared, a fireman bearing a hose with a knot in it called him over and said, "I want to show you this hose will work." And he sprayed the photographer up and down.

Well, now. The *Star* reported that incident and added, "This attack...will not go unchallenged. The matter will be turned over to [the law]..." It was, and the fireman was duly indicted by a Marion County Grand Jury for assault and battery. The case has not yet gone to trial.

Meanwhile, Cleon Reynolds (SI, May 26), the chief fire fighter at the 500, supposedly remarked that the firemen should have sued for libel. Reynolds is also basketball coach at Marian College in Indianapolis and for several years has served as coach of the Indiana high school basketball All-Stars, who each June play a two-game series with their counterparts from Kentucky. The *Star* sponsors the All-Star series. On June 5 it announced that Reynolds had been replaced as coach. No reason was given for the change—made only 16 days be-

continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

fore the teams were to play—though Reynolds in the past four years had lost seven of eight games.

At that, Reynolds might be lucky. Last year's All-Star Game in Indianapolis was halted in the last minute of play when the fans got out of hand. Someone threw a whiskey bottle, a few spectators raced onto the court and an official was hit in the eye.

And the drivers at Indy think that they lead a precarious life.

ALL FALL DOWN

A number of swimmers at the Mexico City Olympics were in a state of collapse after climbing out of the pool following their races. The high altitude was generally blamed for this, but a study by the medical committee of the International Amateur Swimming Association says that in most cases altitude was not the prime villain. The study holds that swimmers push themselves to the limit in the water and that, when they come out of the pool in this state of acute physical exhaustion, the sudden return to a vertical position imposes a severe strain. So much oxygen has been used in competition that the body cannot cope with the new oxygen demands suddenly created by climbing up the ladder and standing erect. The medical committee recommended that all swimmers remain in the water after a race, preferably in a horizontal position, and rest there quietly for four or five minutes. It hopes that this will become an international rule.

WAITING FOR LEFTY

Lefty Driesell, the adroit basketball coach (SI, March 8, 1965 *et seq.*), is in the news again. Driesell outraged some sensibilities this spring when, on becoming head coach at Maryland, he ran advertisements designed to lure likely prospects to his campus. Earlier, he had upset the people at Davidson College, where his teams had achieved signal success and where Driesell had acquired such coachy fringe benefits as a summer basketball camp and his own television show, by accepting a new Thunderbird from admirers a week before he quit Davidson to take the job at Maryland.

Now Lefty has his old friends fuming again. Even though he was no longer coach at Davidson, Driesell indicated that he fully intended to return this summer to run the camp. There was some difference of opinion on this, particularly

continued

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SCORECARD continued

from Larry Brown, Driesell's successor. So Driesell consulted a lawyer, talked to Davidson officials and last week emerged without the camp but with \$9,500, which the school apparently paid him for his rights in the venture.

Now everybody is waiting for Lefty to get the local stations to schedule reruns of his old TV shows.

DANGER IN THE AIR

The National Safety Council says: Watch out for kites. It warns that parents should always supervise children's kite-flying and cautions:

1) Fly kites only in dry weather. A wet string can be a conductor of electricity, and wet shoes on wet earth increase the danger of grounding an electric charge.

2) Keep away from wires, poles, buildings, traffic, electric display signs, railroad tracks, radio and TV aerials, construction sites, ditches and reservoirs—that is, dangers that can be stumbled upon or into. Fly kites in level, open areas where there are no obstructions and where wind currents are less likely to be gusty and uncertain.

3) The string has to be considerably stronger than the kite's pull to avoid breaking, but never use thin wire or tin-steel cord. There is too much electricity in the air and all around us.

4) When flying large kites, use a reel and wear gloves to avoid burns when string runs through hands too fast.

5) Never climb a tree or a pole or onto a roof to retrieve a kite. A kite simply is not worth the risk. And always notify the power company if a kite becomes entangled in power lines.

6) Above all, never try to repeat Ben Franklin's experiment. Playing with lightning nearly killed Ben, and it did kill several of his imitators.

THEY SAID IT

• David Brower, conservationist, on how the pesticide DDT relates to man's environment: "The human body, including mother's milk, contains four times more DDT than the allowable government limits. In fact, if mother's milk were packed in any other container, we wouldn't allow it across state lines."

• Joe Gasparella, head football coach at Carnegie-Mellon University in Pittsburgh: "I would like to think my job is in jeopardy. It would show somebody is interested."

END

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OLD SARGE COOLS IT

As all the other contenders wilted around him, Orville Moody, a former Army sergeant with a cross-handed putting style, managed to survive a broiling Texas sun and a treacherous course to win the U.S. Open **by DAN JENKINS**

All right, you wise guys with your tricky sports questions. So you know who was on deck when Bobby Thomson hit the home run, and how old George Gipp was when he asked Knute to do him that favor, and who shot Eddie Waitkus, and how many guys have hit 50 home runs twice, and all those other answers that pass for saloon talk. Here's one for you. There was a guy from Kilken, Texas (or Chukasha, Oklahoma or Yukon, Oklahoma, depending upon his mood) who putted cross-handed and won the U.S. Open golf championship one time in Houston after he spent 14 years in the Army. Yeah, yeah. Everybody knows his name. Orville Moody. The question is, why didn't he hang in there after all that time and retire as a 30-year man like Omar Bradley?

The answer is a quick \$30,000, which is what Orville Moody earned last week by being on a golf course instead of in the Army. Actually, he had tried it once before, after a nine-year hitch, only to discover that PX beer wasn't the best training for the pro tour. So, after musing the cut in the only previous U.S. Open he ever entered, he re-upped for six, won the Korean Open for the third time, not to mention the Fort Hood post tournament and came back swinging late in 1967. He won \$13,000 in 1968 and this year he had already earned \$38,000, which means that last Thursday, even before his name became

a household word, more or less, he was hardly a Jack Fleck. In fact, one golfer in the field even picked Moody to win before the tournament began—Defending Champion Lee Trevino.

The golfers that ex-Staff Sergeant E-6 Orville Moody really had to beat to win his Open were not Trevino, however, or Billy Casper or Arnold Palmer or Jack Nicklaus. They were Miller Barber, pro golf's Mysterious Mr. X, who doesn't putt cross-handed but who wears dark glasses and whose elbow flies out on his backswing, and 42-year-old Bob Rosburg, now a country-club pro who had won about 37½ all year and who hits the ball with a baseball grip. Barber led by three strokes through three rounds only to wilt when he could have won with a final 74. Rosburg was even with Moody as late as the 18th hole on Sunday but left a putt hanging on the rim of that cup. And so Orville Moody, with his nice, straight, steady golf game, came in at 281 to find himself suddenly the most famous sergeant since Alvin York.

What really happened to most of the big favorites with the cannon swings was that they either drowned in the humidity at Houston or they are still trying to figure out what all those funny clubs were that they had to use on a surprisingly long, long Champions course. Things like two-irons and four-woods, which almost never get dirty on the tour. Meanwhile, Orville Moody and men like

Barber and Deane Beman and Al Gelberger, who are accustomed to hitting such clubs because they are almost never very long off the tee, were having a field day. In fact, it was a highly unusual tournament from the very start.

To begin with, there was no big old creaking clubhouse for everyone to rattle around in, for Champions is modern and sparkling new. Across the street from the clubhouse were cottages and houses woven in and around trees and quiet streets and swimming pools, and most of the name players were quartered there. It gave to them the feeling of being in some sort of compound, of being on some kind of strange team, all together. They cooked in and drank in, for the most part, and late in the evenings many of them sat around a pool, chatting, relaxing and verbally taking each other 18 holes again.

In the mornings it was very eerie to look out of one's window over the paper and coffee and see Julius Boros strolling down the lane on his way to work. And in the evenings it was like being in any other suburban neighborhood. The fellow across the street was out in the yard with his kids getting ready to go to Astroworld and arguing with his wife about the directions. Then another fellow

continued

Life is a pain in the neck for Miller Barber, whose game was chilled, while Sergeant Moody affords a cap's-off salute at his moment of victory.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES DRANE AND WALTER KOEHL JR.



low would drive up with his children in the car and honk. Where were they going to eat? How do you get there? This was definitely not the usual Open tournament surroundings for Nicklaus and Gary Player, who happened to be the man in the yard and the man in the car, respectively.

Lee Trevino was nonchalant in another way. In Thursday's first round, out to defend the title he won so excitingly last year at Oak Hill, and on a golf course that should have suited him, Trevino was gagging it up and clowning more than ever because Phil Harris, the entertainer, was hanging in his gallery, trading wisecracks.

Trevino started joking about missing the cut the first day, and after the second day was over Trevino had done just that with rounds of 74 and 75. When the Fleas in Lee's gallery chided him about his Mexican bandit costume on the cover of this magazine (SI, June 9), Lee would laugh and shout back, "Hell, man, I had to dress that way until about two years ago."

There were three other pretournament favorites who were never a force in this Open. They were the players who had managed to win two tournaments on the tour this season: Casper, Gene Littler and George Archer. Littler missed the cut after a second-round 80. Archer, the Masters champion, opened with a 69, a tribute to his putting stroke, but after a 74 on Friday he was never in contention. And Casper, looking as if he were playing on the dead run, could never get anything resembling a low round started. Champions' length simply wore them out.

The only person who was ready for Orville Moody to win the big one was Trevino. He actually picked him—seriously, no fooling—and had said to the press before the tournament began that Orville Moody would be the next Open champion because, said Lee, "He's one helluva player."

"I won it for Lee," said Moody later, also in all seriousness. "It took a lot of guts for him to believe I could win." And then Orville Moody wept, along with a lot of other Moodys, his wife, Doris, and his two children. They had been out at some Holiday Inn in Hous-

continued

Water and weeping willows frame the scene as Jacks Rosburg and Barber leave the 8th green.







ton where the nonnames were. Orville Moody had been driving to the course, from about an hour away, which was even a better reason to weep, some thought. But the tears came from the delicious joy of it all. Tears are very popular in sports these days.

He never expected to go out and shoot a 72, two over par, in the final round and post a total of 281 and take the U.S. Open. But Moody's 72 was a pretty good score on Sunday. Only two players broke par and only five others equaled it. The greens were not only huge but hard so that nothing held, and the wind came up from somewhere, and all of the pins were either way back or snaggled close behind enormous bunkers. From seven to 10 players had broken par on each of the previous three days, and Miller Barber's 54-hole total was, after all, four under. But Open courses are generally styled to achieve the magic total of 280, and Champions was certainly a worthy 280 golf course. It figured that Barber would come back toward the field on Sunday, although it didn't figure he would come back so far.

"I don't think I'm a choker," said Barber after his horrible 78 round. "I've just got to go hide somewhere and try to figure out what happened to me."

Orville Moody, who was paired with him, said he thought he knew. "I think Miller was trying to coast," said the sergeant, who looks like a sergeant should. "We all knew it would be a hard course the last round, and that nobody was likely to get a 66 going. I think Miller felt he could coast along and win with a 73 or 74, and he just got too cautious."

Like almost all U.S. Opens, this one truly exploded on the final nine holes. It made everything that came before as obscure as the rut iron, including all of the talk about Mr. X and Geilberger's peanut-butter sandwiches and could Palmer do it or not. Palmer's immense crowds thought he could, and they stayed with him all the way—all the way to his tee for sixth. There were a couple of moments when Palmer could have got right in it, but each time, with a chance to do something sensational, he would do something dumb. Like a poor chip or a

missed birdie or follow up a birdie with an aggravating bogey.

When Barber soared to four-over on the outgoing nine, he knocked down the fence for everyone, including Palmer. There was a crazy interlude on the back nine when eight players were only two strokes apart, and if Champions had been a course where the contenders could have gone at the flags with clubs they were familiar with, there might have been a charge or two. But it was always a question of who could make a par, who could rip off a drive and tear up a one-iron and survive the hard-to-read Bermuda greens. It was simply a question of who could survive.

For a whole hour during the final drama, only Al Geilberger, rising from the depth of his peanut-butter jar, was able to put a bunch of birdies on the board—five of them in eight holes. And until he did that, few people knew that Al Geilberger had made the cut. By now, Miller Barber was out of it and Desne Beman's four-wood was worn to a thread, and really only two men remained, Orville Moody and Bob Rosburg.

On the course Rosburg stopped to chat with friends on the 16th tee. "One birdie and two pars would be 280," he said. "I believe that might get it."

"Three pars would get a tie," somebody told him.

"I might even win my bet on no 280," he grinned.

At that moment, Rosburg was tied with Moody, who was back on the 15th. Also at that moment in the locker room a lot of the veterans were sprawled out on the carpet, watching television and cheering for Rosburg. A lot of Mike Souchak's and the like who were Rosby's contemporaries. Rosburg is an in-group man from the old establishment, a club pro now, and he hadn't played this well in years.

The locker-room boys got Rosburg through the 16th, roaring in a tough three-footer for a par. They got him out of the bunker on 17 to within 10 feet of the pin, and they got that one down for a par. Rosburg had looked over the putt and looked up at the sky and smiled in his cynical way. You could almost hear him saying, "The National Open, right? And into the grain. Thanks a lot." But he jammed it in. One more par and he'd have his 281 and the sergeant might have to reenlist again. Sadly, Rosburg just didn't have it. He dragged

his tee shot to the left and caught a fimb, the ball falling in the rough. His second, a pretty risky four-wood out of the thick Bermuda, was a good shot but it spurted too far to the right and he was bunkered. Then, as the locker room roared, Rosburg exploded out marvelously again to within four feet of the hole. "He'll get it," Souchak said, bawling his head, afraid he wouldn't.

Rosburg has always hit it quick, a jab putter, and he didn't want to give himself time to think about this putt for the U.S. Open that he may never come close to winning again. He struck the ball a trifle too lightly and it hung at the edge. The locker-room ceiling fell in. No one said anything for a while, and then Phil Rodgers spoke up. "He can still get a tie if the blade comes open on the cross-hander," Phil blurted.

It didn't, and it wasn't about to. Orville Moody hit a cannon down the 18th fairway, and he slashed a five-iron into the last green as if it were the Fort Hood post tournament all over again. And when he stood over his 14-inch par putt to win he let the Open daze stroke it in for him. Outside the crowd whooped for the nobody who was all of a sudden somebody, and even in the locker room they gave him his due.

"The sergeant didn't back off from nothing," said Phil Rodgers loudly. And there was some nervous laughter about the fact that Moody, after hitting the shot onto the green, had subconsciously replaced his divot.

Rosburg came in just then and was met by his well-wishers, some tearful, some not. He managed a smile and traded a couple of glances with players who understood. Rodgers understood how it is and, keeping Rosburg honest, he grabbed his arm and shouted, "You dog. You dogged it, man." Rosburg said yeah—that's what he did.

But Orville Moody was somewhere else. He had taken a check for \$30,000, he had phoned Lee Trevino, he had attempted to explain to the press who he was—just a guy who thinks he knows how to play golf—and where he originally came from, a town in Oklahoma.

He was also trying to figure out something that he thought he had heard during a long-distance call from President Nixon. Something about it being a great victory for the middle class. Last trick question. Since when is the U.S. Open champion middle-class? **END**

Four contenders: Rosburg (above left), tied on the 18th. Murphy, shown by his own 86, and Beman and Palmer, betrayed by their putters.

THE GAME WAS UP AT NAMATH'S

Broadway Joe's bar has attracted all the heat, but the real action was in Namath's pad—a big crap game that drew businessmen, athletes and hoods from as far as Philadelphia and New England by **NICHOLAS PILEGGI**

Forget about Bachelors III, Joe Namath's New York bar, where he said how was he to know who came in off the street—gamblers, bookmakers, Mafia types? Go 14 blocks north and three blocks east to 370 East 76th Street, a luxury apartment building known as the Newport East. Take the automatic elevator to Penthouse B and head for apartment B-2005—Joe Namath's llama-rugged pad. Who came in off the street to B-2005?

Months of observation by various law-enforcement agents not only have revealed that top Mafiosi often enjoyed the hospitality of Joe Namath's bar, but that some of them joined sportsmen, high rollers, business executives, athletes, bookmakers and loan sharks in crap games in Namath's apartment. Whether Namath knew it or not, the games in B-2005 were under the protective muscle of Thomas (Tea Balls) Mancuso, a capo in the Carlo Gambino Mafia family of Brooklyn.

Mancuso, a 47-year-old thug with narcotics and gambling convictions, is believed to serve as an information filter and layoff man for the mob. Information concerning athletes—from unreported injuries to hangovers—has always been of more than casual interest to a multimillion-dollar illegal betting operation.

Mancuso has lurked on the fringes of the sporting world for many years. He has been particularly interested in nurturing friendships with fighters and basketball players and was questioned by police during the investigations that resulted in the jailing of Frankie Carbo and Blinky Palermo.

"The dice games at Namath's were made to appear like spontaneous little get-togethers," one source said, "but all the racket guys wanted was a chance to casually ingratiate themselves, show they were regular guys and that they knew how to relax. What most people don't know is that racket guys never relax. Like movie stars, they're always on."

The crap games in Namath's apart-

ment, which he shares with his partner in Bachelors III, former Jet Defensive Back Ray Abruzzese, began at the end of last January and continued through February. In addition to the local clientele, the games were patronized by racketeers from New England, New Jersey and Philadelphia, and lawmen are convinced that the out-of-towners could not have known of the games if they had not been tipped off by New York hoods.

A Mafia source explained that a percentage of crap game pots usually goes to whoever sets the action up, but not in the case of the games up at Namath's. The standard cut is 5% of each pot. Among other things, it pays the mob capsters who come early and tack soundproof shooting on the floor and ceiling. Soundproofing is not generally installed in the apartments or hotel suites chosen for big crap games because adjoining rooms are used by gamblers who want to relax and have a drink or a bite to eat between rolls.

"Forget about cutting that game," the Mafia source said. "This was done strictly for one thing—just to get to know them [professional athletes who might be drawn to Namath's apartment]. The racket guys would cry like bastards to get close. If they could nail one of them it would be great."

Police were first attracted to Bachelors III early last December when a routine tail of Carmine (Snake) Persico, 36, a South Brooklyn Mafia lieutenant who is free on \$15,000 bail while appealing a 14-year federal sentence for hijacking, led them there. Repeated visits by Persico and other Mafiosi such as Mancuso and Carmine (Mr. Grits) Tramunti, a potential heir to the entire Luchese Mafia family of East Harlem, persuaded federal agents and local police to keep the bar under constant surveillance.

The lawmen spent four months observing Mafiosi in Bachelors III, where they were throwing around \$50 and \$100 ups. Besides infiltrating the bar, lawmen

with Mafia photo albums hiding in trucks carrying one-way mirrors "made" at least eight well-known bookmakers as regular bar patrons, including one man, Harry Bernow, who is known as the oddsmaker for the Luchese family, another who was chummy enough to borrow Namath's car and still another who was found to be placing bets on one of the bar's telephones, which was tapped, as was a phone in Namath's apartment.

As a result of the current investigation, police have found that the Mafia itself is reported to be asking Mancuso questions. The Gambino family lost hundreds of thousands of dollars on football games last year and is anxious to know whether Mancuso actually laid off the bets he was given or booked them himself. If the Gambino family finds that he booked the bets, it will deduce that Mancuso knew more about what was happening during the last football season than he was telling them.

Despite all the current conjecture concerning two 1968 Jet losses (to Buffalo 37-35 and to Denver 21-13), each of which New York was favored to win by 19 points, there is no evidence that Namath was making less than a maximum effort, although he did throw 10 interceptions in the two games. "Nothing has ever been said about Namath," says one well-known oddsmaker. "His adrenaline just doesn't seem to flow when he's got big points. Go back to college some thing."

Lawmen presented NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle with some of their information in early March. It was very clear that every effort was being made to give Namath an opportunity to divest himself of Bachelors III and its underworld patrons. Rozelle is said to have shown Namath much of the information he, Rozelle, had been given by the police, including photographs of known gamblers and Mafia hoods who were frequenting the place. Rozelle told Namath that police knew about

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The route to the dice game was through the doors of this apartment house and up 10 flights

the bookmaker operating in the place and suggested that Joe give up his interest in the bar.

"I'll think about it," Namath said.

Robert Vannuchi, the 31-year-old manager of Bachelors III, who also lives in the Newport East and calls himself Bobby Van, has been running East Side nightclubs since 1960, and many of them, according to police, have been patronized by known gamblers and racketeers. "He is never on the corporation papers of these bars," one police source explained, "but he'll frequently turn up as a manager or director of places we believe are mob joints."

While managing the Table Talk on Second Avenue in 1964, Van was arrested and charged with assaulting a patron with a baseball bat. The case was later dismissed. From the Table Talk, Van ran the Dudes 'n Dolls on Third Avenue, where New York Yankee First

Baseman Joe Pepitone and Namath were both customers. After briefly running the Ginza Hideaway on East 58th Street, Van took over the Jet Set on First Avenue and, knowing Namath was interested in buying a bar, offered the Jet quarterback a partnership. Authorities say Sonny Werblin, who at the time owned a piece of the Jets, vetoed the arrangement after he was informed that police were investigating to determine whether the bar was actually owned by Tramonti. Van then went to The Margin Call, a bar on the site of the present Bachelors III, in which a stockbroker and a doctor had interests. Van claims he looked at more than 100 bars for Namath, but none was suitable until he hit upon The Margin Call.

Besides using these establishments as hangouts and contact points with legitimate society, mobsters have gone into nightclubs, bars and restaurants because

such businesses enable them to justify some of the vast amounts of cash they accumulate illegally.

"One of the Mafia guys' biggest problems," one police expert explained, "is how to show that they earn a 'legitimate' salary for income-tax purposes. Therefore, what they often do is create fake jobs in nightclubs, bars and restaurants and pay themselves weekly salaries. It doesn't matter whether the place makes enough money or not, they just pump their own cash through the register as though it were from the outside. Since the cigarette vending machine, linen service, vegetables, meat, garbage removal, knife grinding, jukebox, hatchback concession and liquor distribution—almost everything that has to do with the place—are also mob connected, it is next to impossible to trace where all the money comes from and where it goes.

"Persico, for instance," the police expert continued, "handles many of the cigarette, whiskey, produce, linen and hatchback concessions in East Side bars. Persico is not involved with gambling on the East Side. The Luchese family handles all of that."

Since Namath bought Bachelors III, his conduct, to many people, has been inexplicable. "The guy's a football genius," says one informant, "but take off his cleats and he's just a jerk. What did he need these guys for? He has the Sinatra sickness. Frank's the same way with the muscle and smart money guys. It's like I say, a sickness with him. Namath ain't careless. He's stupid. It's crazy. Nobody trusts anybody, but Joe Namath's an angel. You figure it."

Even mobsters warned Namath about allowing the small-time bookmaker to take bets on one of Bachelors III's phones. "Namath's crazy," police told Rozelle. "Get the kid out of there!" But Namath was too stubborn. As a result, it is very likely, according to law-enforcement agents, that Joe Namath will soon be called before the New York County grand jury investigating organized crime and the sports world.

At week's end, after a trip to Nevada and California, Namath was back in Bachelors III, where he revealed that he had an offer to play football in Canada. "But I want to play here," he added with a hurt look. A bit later a customer asked him how things were going. "Everything's great," Namath said. And everything's relative. **END**



Mighty Casey picks up speed on the runway.

RIGHT-WAY CARRIGAN FLIES TO A RECORD

C-a-double r-i-g-a-n spells Carrigan, and remember it, for Casey vaulted 17' 4 3/4" at Sacramento for a new high school high by GARY RONBERG

Casey Carrigan. A name that belongs up there along with Kirk Douglas and Aldo Ray on a marquee billing a war movie. But for the moment, Casey Carrigan has other things on his mind. He turned 18 last February and he's trying to decide whether to go to Stanford or UCLA. For almost two years now they've been after the kid from Orting, Wash., the very best pole vaulter in high school history. And last Saturday night in the Golden West Invitational in Sacramento, Casey Carrigan sharpened the demand. He vaulted 17' 4 3/4".

Yes, this is the same Carrigan kid who last September had 17 feet in the final Olympic Trials at South Lake Tahoe and a month later found himself on the way to Mexico City with a red and white USA on his sweat. That was, he says, his greatest thrill—but it led to his greatest disappointment. After missing twice at 16' 1" in the Olympics, Carrigan went well over the crossbar on his third try, only to have his pole follow him under the bar and nullify the effort. "It hurt. It hurt real bad, going out like that," Carrigan says. "But still, it taught me a lot. It did me a lot of good. I learned to face up to things."

The thing that California's supposedly red-hot track fans refuse to face up to, however, is that the Golden West Invitational isn't just another all-star high school meet. Indeed, with 16 former participants competing in Mexico City, the Golden West has obviously become a showcase for budding Olympic, college and professional athletes. Tommie Smith ran in the Golden West, and so did Jim Hines, Charlie Greene and Jim Ryan. Mel Renfro of the Dallas Cowboys and Earl McCulloch of the Detroit Lions hurdled in the meet, and Bob Beamon

jumped in it. "This meet means everything to a high school kid," said Brian McElroy, a Massapequa, N.Y. senior who won the 880 in 1:49.8. "This is the one the studs win. The people? Who cares about the people? I came out here to run, not show off. You can show off on a dance floor."

Started in Los Angeles 10 years ago by a bunch of track buffs who call themselves the Golden West Track and Field Association, the meet drew so few fans that it soon found itself on its way to Sacramento. There it continued to sink slowly in the West until, out \$8,000 in the spring of 1967, the Golden Westers burst into a meeting of the Active 20-30 Club. For years, the Active 20-30 had done a lot of nice things around town, like helping build parks and playgrounds in depressed areas, but ever since they had given up the soapbox derby the members had felt guilty about the clause in their bylaws that encourages "service to youth."

As a result, the two groups joined forces, and while the Golden Westers handled the selection and invitation of the athletes, the 20-30's—few of whom knew a stopwatch from a tape measure—whittled away at the deficit. As a result this year's meet wound up with the biggest budget ever. The kids were put up at the fancy El Rancho Hotel out on West Capitol Avenue, and the food was plentiful (SmorgaBob's, featuring \$1.49 dinners across the street, twice got the call for banquets). There was a queen contest, of course, and the winner, Blanche Wilkins, was clearly in the spirit of things: she accepted her crown with a taped right ankle, which she had sprained while throwing the javelin.

Of the 115 athletes invited to the Gold-

en West, all but three showed up, not including the one who made it to Sacramento but got lost on a sight-seeing trip in San Francisco. The only significant absentee was Reynaldo Brown, the Compton, Calif. senior who jumped 7'14" in the Olympics. Otherwise, the field was the strongest the Golden West ever had, and Sacramento was crawling with college bird dogs.

In addition to Carrigan, there were hotshots like George Amundson, a strapping Aberdeen, S. Dak. youth who is the only high school boy ever to throw the 3 lb. 9 oz. discus more than 200 feet. Amundson was tackled to be in Sacramento, particularly since he almost didn't get there. Thursday morning he flew to Sioux Falls, S. Dak., where he caught a plane for Salt Lake City. He was flying youth-fare, however, and in Salt Lake he got bumped from the plane to Sacramento and wound up sitting in the airport for five hours while his bags

went on to Reno. Finally, George flew to San Francisco and got on a bus to Sacramento, where he arrived late at night with nothing but the suit he was wearing and the discuses he had carried under his arm. All day Friday he walked around wearing a University of Texas T shirt, borrowed shorts and shoes. "Boy, I can't wait until tomorrow night," he said. "But really, I don't know how well I'll do. I've only worked out twice this week." On Saturday night Amundson shattered the meet record with a heave of 193'6". A protean young man who also played the trombone in the school band and single-wing tailback on the football team, Amundson thinks he's headed for either Iowa State or Tennessee.

With the exception of the pole vault, however, the most spectacular event was the 100-yard dash, in which the slowest man in a field of nine turned in a nifty 9.5. Although slightly unnerved by a false

start, Willie McGee, a bearded speedster out of Hattiesburg, Miss., won in 9.3 to tie Billy (Peanut) Gaines' national high school record. McGee had gone that fast before, but up to now no one believed his times. "See what happens," said Meet Director Jack German. "Here is a kid, a typical good, fast, Southern Negro boy. The times come out of those small towns in the South—9.3, 9.4—and everybody says, 'Aw, they're padded. High school kids can't run that fast.' So we get the kid out here and what happens? Nine-three. New record. Even though we don't draw flies with this meet, it settles things like that."

"I've never run in a meet this big before," said McGee. "It was a thrill to win, but honest, I got out of the hole late. After my false start, I had to be careful. Now, if I'd had a good start."

In the triple jump, Zach Gillon of Peekskill, N.Y. bettered Bob Beamon's listed record (50' 3 1/4"). The people

continued



The crowd of 4,000 at the Golden West Invitational left the stands and gathered around the pole-vault area to watch Casey's record jump.



Zach Gillon of Peekskill, N.Y., did a wind-aided 50' 11½" triple jump.



Willie McJee of Hennesburg, Miss., ran a record-tying 5.3 hundred.

RIGHT-WAY CARRIGAN *continued*

back in Peekskill couldn't have had more confidence in Zach. To make sure he had transportation to Sacramento, they set up a sort of Zach Gillon Golden West Fund, placing canisters in stores, barber shops and dry cleaners around town. Gillon wound up with \$1,200 for his trip west, and he didn't disappoint anybody—with the possible exception of himself. With his goal set firmly at 52 feet, Gillon won with a leap of 50' 11½", but it won't make the record books since it was wind-aided. "My coach says I should go 55 next year," he said. "I think he's right." Gillon could do it for any number of schools—Villanova, Tennessee and Wisconsin among them. After college? "I'd like to be a professional model," he says. "My mother did some modeling. It's a good life."

But to get back to Casey Carrigan and the battle of the heights. The third of five boys, Casey is following in an athlete tradition. Brother Andy Carrigan, a linebacker, just graduated from Stan-

ford, and Brother Mike Carrigan, a defensive halfback, may start for the Indians next year. Behind Casey is 15-year-old Tim, who plays basketball and football. At 11, little Clancey, well, he's setting his sights. As befitting his status, Casey Carrigan was the last Golden West athlete to check into the El Rancho, coming up from Stanford on Saturday morning with Mike. The numeral he would wear on his back that night was, of course, No. 1.

It wasn't until the bar reached 16 feet and a field of eight had been pared to three that Carrigan picked up his pole in earnest. At 16' 4", Dave Roberts of Conroe, Texas mused on his third attempt, leaving Carrigan with an old friend, Steve Smith of Torrance, Calif., who had beaten him in the Coliseum-Compton Relays the preceding week. The bar went to 16' 8". Carrigan made the height on his first try, and Smith, struggling, cleared it on his third.

"We had a pole-vaulting pit for the kids in the backyard years ago," said Ca-

sey's father, Paul Carrigan, who drives a logging truck in Orting, which is 20 miles southeast of Tacoma. "From the time I can remember, Casey was always swinging from trees, jumping and running, things like that. We lived in the foothills at the base of Mt. Rainier, and it seemed that Casey was always outdoors, doing something."

The bar was raised to 17 feet. Carrigan, sitting at the top of the runway, his back to the pit, adjusted his shoes. Then he got up and walked to the box, where he took off his white sweat pants, folded them neatly and placed them in the box. "Seagren and all the good ones do that," his father said. "It cushions the pole when it hits. Helps absorb the shock." The meet announcer told the crowd that the bar was at 17 feet, and Casey Carrigan sprinted down the runway. Up, up, up and over he went, clearing the bar with half a foot to spare. The crowd of 4,000, warming to this now, erupted in applause. Three tries and Steve Smith was out—on this night just

continued

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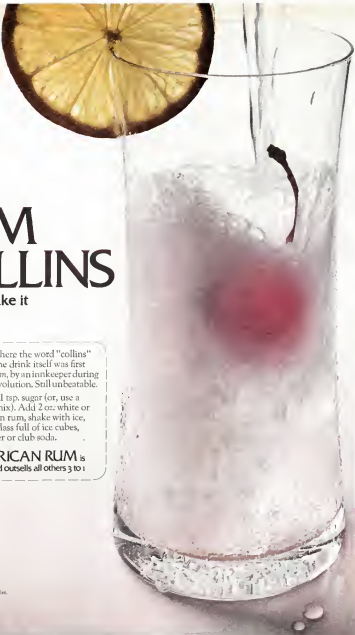


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another high school pole vaulter who has gone 16' 8 $\frac{3}{4}$ ".

"Casey always does his best when he gets down here in California," his father continued. "The weather up home isn't too good in the spring. Why, there were lots of times Casey and I would go over to the high school pit at Temino, and there'd be sawdust and water from the melted snow still sitting there in the box. He could never get going."

"Ladies and gentlemen, may I direct your attention to the pole-vault area, where Casey Carrigan will try to become the first high school boy ever to vault 17' 4 $\frac{3}{4}$." The announcement was unnecessary.

Again, the shoes were adjusted. Then the walk to the pit, the pants folded and placed in the box, just so. And again, down the runway came Casey Carrigan—"Casey O. Carrigan," his mother said. "It doesn't stand for anything. It just sounds nice, don't you think?" Up, up, and over. Another roar. The track meet was finished for everybody except Casey Carrigan. The crowd had spilled out of the stands and was gathered around the pole-vault area.

"The bar, ladies and gentlemen, is at 17' 10 $\frac{1}{4}$." Casey Carrigan will make three attempts at this height, and if he succeeds he will have gone higher than anyone has vaulted before."

Carrigan failed on his first attempt.

"How do you feel, kid?" an official asked him.

"I feel good," said Carrigan. "But I'd feel better if I went over it."

Carrigan failed on his second attempt.

"I always thought sometime, somewhere, it would come down to something like this," said Mrs. Carrigan. "Casey is a very determined boy. He is a worker, but he is humble. I love him for his humility. His humility and his generosity are my favorite traits."

Casey O. Carrigan failed for the third time at 17' 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ ". Engulfed by fans and children, he talked and signed autographs until the lights of the stadium finally went out. "I think I was taking off too soon," he said. "I don't think my form was that good. On the 17-footer, though, I was on it. It was a good jump. I would be interested to know how high I went at 17 feet."

Casey Carrigan. A kid. Just turned 18 last February. We must remember that.

END

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The author, a poet and playwright, came to the arts by way of an unusual finishing school—professional baseball. Now, some 15 years after he served with slight distinction as a light-hitting catcher for Mexicali in the Arizona-Texas League, he reflects on his sport and concludes it has a surprising aesthetic of its own

A DIAMOND-BRIGHT ART FORM

by JAY WRIGHT

Now and then, here in Mexico, I go out to the ball park. The crowd comes in from its variety of *paseos*. The band is in its best flatulent form. The grass rolls out to the bleachers like a freshly brushed billiard table. The moon hangs under the lights, a golden pendulum swinging imperceptibly in a small wind. The ballplayers ooze through their pregame paces. The inflated umpire scratches his spikes on the dugout steps before moving out to say play ball. All of these simple acts take on a ritual significance that is hard to define, hard to ignore. I sit in the stands, a wise ex-ballplayer, pointing out to friends the cabalistic purity of the diamond's dimensions, the number of players, balls, strikes, outs. I lean back in a huff and lecture on the classical manner, the almost Puritan logic that rules how the game should be played. And what I make of the game, now that I have the leisure and years to see it, is an art, one that is completely enclosed in its own esthetic.

To say that, I have to overcome my own reservations about the way the game has become a big business, one in which the playoffs are physical torture, disillusion, oblivion and a few records, one controlled by businessmen who buy talent cheaply and sell it exorbitantly. Yes, the game, for me, has changed consid-

erably over the years with respect to the pleasure I derive from it and the way I see it, which is certainly not the way I did at 17, a flanneled and thrilled boy.

When I was 17 my father turned up with me at the Ontario, Calif. spring-training camp of the San Diego Padres to realize his ambitions. I was right out of the high school, American Legion, semi-pro hothouses that every California boy—and ambitious father—felt were so necessary at the time. Having been schooled by my father to be essential, I could play any position, though we told San Diego that I was a catcher because they needed them, we thought. That was some 15 years ago.

Now, as I think over what I went through for my father and my own dreams, I ask myself what baseball, as a profession, as a game, as a way of life, has meant to me. I should have asked this luxurious question long ago, for it seems to me now that, considering the brief time that I was in it, the game and its environment shaped all my perceptions that followed.

There should be nothing strange in that assertion. So much of what we take ourselves to be, as a people, gets shifted around into solemn ceremonies—the flag raising, the first ball, the miniskirted ushers, the hot dogs, the sound of wood

continued

on horsehide. I remember that as a high school ballplayer I heard a Yankee scout say any scout could judge a boy's physical potential in a minute, but he, the Yankee scout, had to visit the boy, meet his parents, judge the boy's reactions to them and his attitude toward God, country and flag to see if the boy was really Yankee material. In other words, disregarding the fact that some of the best ballplayers are and have been something less than staunch citizens, this scout was defining the American saint, his own

of themselves, as men who know something about challenge and response, courage and individual aspiration.

What happens to a young boy in spikes is that he's caught up in himself. The game gives him that luxury. Most imagine, quite rightly, that they have unique gifts and that these gifts will free them and reward them.

That is what I thought while I was prancing around the San Diego training camp 15 years ago. There I was, as close as I'd ever get to the big leagues, thrilled

gave me my first impression of what kind of business I was in.

The first time I saw him he was dressed in a one-button roll, with shoulders wide enough to startle me, a Los Angeles boy, suede shoes, wide-collared pastel shirt, all crowned with the then Hollywood-style dark glasses. Nothing spectacular, but spectacle enough to make the club's executives uneasy. When he went in to negotiate his contract, the club president told Smith that his clothes were distasteful. Smith reminded the president that he, Smith, had passed maturity and knew how to spend San Diego's money.

Smith, in his way, challenged that unspoken ethic that pervaded the game even then. He saw baseball, as I suspect most people who run the clubs see it, as a lucrative business and, at its vulgar limit, show business.

What Smith knew made him dangerous to my All-America mind. As I shipped out for Mexicali in the Arizona-Texas League, he laughed softly, polishing his dark glasses on his pastel shirt, knowing what I was in for.

Mexicali was not like the Padre training camp. No. Almost without exception the players were younger and Mexican and almost without exception they had a brand of ambition, a dreaming determination to evade the pias of Mexican poverty that I could not, then, understand. Along with that determination they had an inordinate love for the game, which was equally hard for me to appreciate.

Soon, because I knew some Spanish and because I was black, I got on with my teammates. I became exceptionally good friends with three, Ronnie Camacho, Moses Camacho and David Garcia. They taught me Spanish, insulted my genitals when I failed to rough somebody up, accompanied me to meals and kept the invitation-eyed girls away from me. Later, Nate Moreland, a militantly black schoolteacher in his 30s, was to assume their supervisory duties.

Most of our time was routine gaming. Strangely, we did not learn much, or I should say I was not taught much. The management's policy seemed to be "throw 'em in the water, let 'em swim and let the big fish eat what they must to survive." My buddies seemed not to care as much about learning as performing. Blessed with magnificent hands, they could perform. David Garcia, at short, and Mori Camacho, at second, turned

—continued—



dream. It seemed to him that a boy had to make himself worthy to play this game. The scout was defining the game and its participants in such a way that he was asserting that the game was part of the fabric of American "culture," and that only the pure in American heart could ever hope to go very far in it. Thus does the Protestant ethic come to flesh in flannels. And it isn't such a gigantic leap then to the glossolalia of success, from rags to riches on five ounces of horseflesh, a route open to every mother's—and father's—son. With that in mind it was difficult for me for a long time to explain or understand my fellow players on the professional team to which I was first assigned—Mexicali. But they can be explained, I now see, partly as products of the ethic, partly as products of their sense

by being able to sign for meals, to room with big Tom Alston, to listen to Theolic Smith, to be prodded through my lazy paces by Herb Gorman, to put on that pinstripe uniform and have Lefty O'Doul punch my chin and say, "I can see you're a fighter." Never mind if only Lefty O'Doul is a familiar name to you, they were all familiar to me and figures of awe.

I knew all along that I was "going out," that I would be sent to some Class C ball club, but this did not matter, for I knew, too, that I would come back, that I would play someday for San Diego. And so it always bothered me that Milton Smith, San Diego's muscular little third baseman, kept petitioning obliquely to get placed on some club far away. But Smith always had his reasons and his style, and it was he who



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double plays as swiftly as a four-handed pianist doing trills. Ronnie Camacho lived to pull and would never go to the opposite field. Given their gifts, I still sensed that we were being cheated out of our regal right to learn the intricacies of the game. Baseball was a game of perfection, as I thought, and I wanted those little disturbances filtered out of me. I was right.

The reason that there are minor leagues, aside from providing the circus for a bored populace and employment for the ancient heroes, is that major league ball clubs want to give the young ballplayers in their charge an opportunity to develop their judgment. Set aside your geniuses—your Mays and Mantle and Aaron and Kaline—there is still room, as the rosters testify, for the man with rather conventional skills who has good judgment. Indeed, the adulation that the geniuses enjoy is often transferred, unholy, to the introverted, ingenious “intellectual” who makes his way by a highly developed sense of baseball perception. Judgment, tricky in its connotations and unequally distributed among ballplayers, can be taught. As he thinks through game situations that recur like profane mythological events, the ballplayer sees what maneuver most profits him and his club.

That was what I was after in those days. That and something more. For as the spring turned into serious baseball, the game was changing for me. Moreland, the most experienced pitcher on the Mexcal staff, took it upon himself to teach me how to catch and rode me incessantly. My manager, convinced of my nonaggressiveness, began to punish me with his silence. Dragging through the easterwauling towns, where scourging those “black boys and spics” was the civic entertainment, I began to carry a very heavy bat. Certainly, I was used to jockeying but I had not expected to be thrown into such virulence, and such loneliness. As we moved in our cantankerous bus across the burnt flatness of Arizona and Texas, I learned that the dream could come high in psychic as well as physical energy and, even though I could sense that my troubles were not unique, I felt deserted, lost, far away from baseball as I knew it.

I was always in some turmoil, always brooding about myself, or, in a sympathetically keyed way, about my teammates and in some cases my opponents.

I couldn't get used to the hard-radiog ballplayers, whose uniforms seemed spiked eyes pointing only for me. And, on the rare times that I became a base runner, I was always surprised to hear the chorus from my dugout, “Knock him over!”, which meant that I was to tumble some squeaky-voiced infielder into delivering the ball into the box seats. My manager kept insisting that when some bull-eyed kid pitcher set me on my rump at the plate I lay one down the line and run up his back. This, to say the least, disturbed me. I was a hustler but not aggressive. I had formed my own ethic, hard and clean, but that ethic would not take me very far in professional baseball.

It was not that I was soft, it was that I was too willing to take punishment uncomplainingly. Runners barreled into me because they knew they needn't expect a faceful of mask if they were rough. David Garcia, whose stocky little figure was softened by his filmy dark hair and the gold tooth he wore for a perpetual smile, would jostle me and laugh, “Wright. *Cajones, hombre. Tímalo!*” No one would go standing up or thundering hard into a bag he covered.

I'd look at him and at Moi Camacho, who with his hint of corpulence and white, Veracruzian shirts always reminded me of a Hidalgo, with a little awe. Off the diamond they were as gentle as priests but on it they were out to impale somebody. I thought of Ronnie Camacho as the only one of us who earned that aggressiveness out of the ball park. But I was wrong. What I took for easiness in David and Moi was simply well-controlled dignity and pride, an unspoken assertion that no one was going to handle them improperly.

Eventually Ronnie was shipped off to another league, and Moi and David became my walking partners. Phoenix, at that time, couldn't make up its mind what to do with black ballplayers, so it responded by treating them as it did its own black population—isolating them, refusing to serve or honor them. It was there that Moreland and I were offered our meals in our hotel room to keep us out of the dining room. Moreland refused to eat in the room and spent every Phoenix trip fasting until we left, while I contented myself with takeout sandwiches. Before Moreland had taken me in hand, I, knowing nothing about Phoenix, made the round of dyspeptic cafés



with Moi and David. When I was refused, they would rise, hurl a few Mayan insults at the management, the clientele, Phoenix, its mothers, God and our flag and fling themselves out into the night with me, going off to the ham hocks and beans that would fill them but not titillate them.

In towns such as these, when some bushy-tongued fan confused my name, calling me something bawdily capsuled or George Washington Lincoln Jefferson Brown, I could see my teammates gesticulating up into the stands. Moreland did his own gesticulating. In El Paso he told some bloated, cowboy-thatched fan that if he, Moreland, had 19 more like the fan, he'd have a 20-mule team, and then he threatened to jump into the stands to capture the one mule he had. These incidents were all put down as part of the game. I didn't see it that way. Moreland didn't either, and he was determined not to separate his professional life and his private one and thus weaken both. When we got to Buzoe, Ariz., Earl Wilson, who now pitches for Detroit and who then was pitching, catching and playing the outfield for Beebe-Douglas, used to come whistling across the tracks to sit with us among the crabby old townsmen in the lobby of our hotel, and at those times Moreland was poetic about our duties. “You're major league,” he would say, “but you've got to carry that gun inside you for these bushes. When you lace up those spikes, you're more than these animals.” I could see then why Moreland, past any dream of the big tent, came to the ball park to pitch.

David and Moi were hitting everything in sight, and I envied their ability to

continued

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DIAMOND-BRIGHT *continued*

shut out the ugliness of what I knew they were going through. Certainly, they were no more hungry than I. I thought, assuredly, that I had no more deficiencies than they. What was it? Though I thought of the game as surpassing any pleasure I knew, I really had not defined exactly what that pleasure was. What held me is something that I can see now, intellectually.

Baseball, unlike the other gang rituals, is a game of loneliness and individual aspiration. Each play begins with a confrontation between two egos. You are there alone for a moment, and whatever is possible within that moment depends on your physical skill and judgment. Everything is directed toward winning, giving life to those who wear your colors, and you are, for that moment, like a god. What you want is within that moment, and that is simply, to perform.

I was beginning to learn in Arizona and Texas that you could not perform unless—and my father would not have had it so—you were essentially for yourself. The Yankee scout knew, in his maudlin inarticulateness, that truth. His mistake was in seeing the ballplayer as ultimately essential to the ball club and the game.

When managers and executives are good, they see beyond the material hunger into a metaphysical hunger. I think of Ronnie Camacho, still jousting the sad nights on hiccupping buses, hoarding his Lilliputian meal money, tucking the upper half of a baseball under lights that resembled Chinese lanterns at some elegant lawn party. He is 31 now and certainly won't get another shot because, as he says, "I can't hit the American curveball." When I see him now, he talks about his house in Empelme, has new car, his wife and healthy children. I can't say how well off he'd be if he didn't have those quick winks. I can't say that money and recognition as he swaggers through the streets aren't important to him. But I'm sure that they are not all that is important to him.

One night last season I saw him in a ball game against Jalisco's Charros. Andres Ayon, an arrogant young pennant-shooter, was throwing for Jalisco. Ronnie, after a 12- or 13-hour ride in his new car over Mexico's perpetually in-repair roads, was having trouble getting around on the ball. Late in the game Ayon went to 3 and 2 on Ronnie, and Ronnie, going after everything, was hitting foul

balls off to the right. On one such Ayon ran toward the line as Ronnie took several steps toward first. I looked toward the ball and then back toward the plate where Ronnie seemed to be asking Ayon just how hard he thought he had to fire to dispose of Ronnie. Thus, after all, over 13 seasons, was the home-run champion of the Mexican League Ayon signaled to his catcher that he wanted the hard one and he did dispose of Ronnie, who took a pitch on the outside corner.

I'd never say that Ronnie's anger, and the frustration that followed, were a result of going down taking. That's happened before. But the twilight lights seem now to bother Ronnie Camacho more than ever before.

That pitch, more than any other, bothered me. It was such a blatant challenge, such a perverse reward for 15 years. It was a brief questioning of what I'd turned up at the Padre camp and in Mexicali, uncomprehendingly looking for. I felt like an aficionado who, having a bull dedicated to him, sees his *torero* fail with the sword. At that moment, as in the corral, the business had turned again to art and, beyond it, into life.

And at that moment I could think of baseball as the realization, the summit of a masculine esthetic—an esthetic, which, as in the highest art, summarizes a man's life, sets him in a historical context where he measures himself against the highest achievement and where he feels that he is perpetuating the spirit of the best of his chosen work. Aggressive, at times mean, at times petty and foolish, the ballplayer still tries to transcend, by the perfection of his craft, the limitations that are inherent in it, and in himself. Here, really, is his opportunity, to play beyond the crassness, the artificiality and the grubbiness that are part of this "American" game.

Where we end is in the seemingly absurd realization that, for a good many, the game looks like life, where a man goes into it challenged, exhilarated, proud and all alone. The big money, the businessmen, the luxuries, certainly are important, important in that they are there as proofs that the ballplayer is becoming the man he aspires to be. Our Yankee scout would say that is the American way. I would say it is something more, that baseball offers the ballplayer what any man can learn of art, and of his life as art.

END

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USTINOV ON TENNIS

The noted actor shows off his own playing style and offers some wry observations on court procedures

by **PETER USTINOV**

I became conscious of tennis at a very early age, stimulated by the fact that I detested cricket, a hate that has never left me. I got out of cricket, but then I had to row instead and that didn't interest me either, as I don't like going backward. Of all the games, I always had the most flair for tennis—an instinct for it.

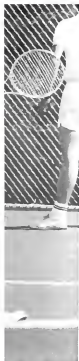
As early as when I was 8 or 9, I can remember absolutely insisting on accompanying my father, who was a journalist, to Wimbledon. I'll give you an idea of how long ago that was: I can remember a lady player with an eyeshade beginning to wind up to serve and suddenly shouting at the top of her voice, "Underarmmm!" And then she belted across a withering underarm service, which aced the opponent, who looked as if she had been cheated.

Nowadays the cry would be taken as a deodorant advertisement, but in that distant past, serving underarm—while providing shrill warning at the same time—was a form of bad sportsmanship

continued

Daintiness is not a monopoly of the weaker sex.





*If you poach too much
your partner may
suddenly lose interest.*

*This trick is a great
deal more difficult with
three balls*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STERLING SHAPIRO



*It is always advisable
to be generous
when you are winning.*

cleverly disguised to look like good sportsmanship. In other words, it was vintage gamesmanship.

Wimbledon supplied me, then, with a certain amount of rudimentary instruction, which was helpful, because at an English school there were very few opportunities to play tennis. I was never taught. In those days one was never taught; one was allowed to play. Also, I was, for some obscure reason, kept off the team for some time, and when at last I was allowed on the tennis squad, I had already formed certain bad habits from playing squash and fives, which is a three-wall game rather like handball.

I still hold the racket the wrong way whenever I play, and so I have a great deal of excitement. My best shot is my forehand. It's not good enough to generate speed, but if somebody hits a ball hard at me I can sometimes get it back even faster. I'm absolutely inconsistent, but I sometimes do spectacular bits of nonsense, which gives me immense satisfaction. What I find magical about the game is that if you play sufficiently well, then your play against a fine player will improve instead of going downhill.

I can speak with some authority on that subject, since some of the best players in the world have been sympathetic enough with my passion for the game to go on the court with me. I've played with Frank Sedgman, Neale Fraser, Roy Emerson, Fred Stolle and, most recently, John Newcombe, which seems like the whole Australian Davis Cup roster since the war. I hit with Newcombe in San Antonio, where I was making the movie *Five Max* and where these revealing pictures of me were taken.

The best birthday present I ever had was one time when I was in New York appearing in a play and some friends said they would take me to the Town Tennis Club for the occasion. When I reached the courts, there were all my friends in the galleries and on the court stood my surprise partner and opponents—Gardnar Mulloy, Bill Talbert and Donald Budge. Mulloy and I lost 5-7, 5-7, and I was delighted to escape without casualty.

I'm really not built for tennis. I'm built in a very Slavonic way, and the player I have always had the most empathy—and sympathy—for is Jaroslav Drobný, because we are the same age, built in the same way and by now he's got rather stouter than I, which is a fine

advertisement for Czech beer. I have had affection for Drobný ever since he fell in at Wimbledon—a stocky Slav amid all those lissome Australians and lithe Americans—and won. He was also supposed to have a suspect temperament, although I never understood that, because he was forever playing those 37-35 sets with Budge Patty and standing up under them. I think, really, it is the British who have a suspect temperament, because they have this complex about losing and then winning by their grace on the way back to the changing room.

The British really are extraordinary. The only trouble with them—well, I once said that a British education is the best in the world if you can survive it. If you can't, there's nothing for you but the diplomatic corps. I have two Oscars and two Emmys—two emasculated men and two emasculated women who play tame mixed doubles on my desk—and when I won my first Oscar and had to make a speech I was really lost for words. At last I said something from the heart, apologizing for being unable to make a speech but explaining that I was educated in a British school, where an enormous amount of time was spent in teaching us how to lose gracefully but absolutely no time was spent on how to win gracefully because it wasn't expected that we would win.

I'm British by passport and I was born there, but I'm really not very British. There was anomaly from the first because I was born in the section of London known as Swiss Cottage, and I had been conceived in Leningrad (then St. Petersburg)—I have that on the best authority. I admire the British enormously, though, because I was in the British Army during the war, surrounded by British characters, and there is nothing like a war to make you feel foreign.

I think that through history the British have been extremely ingenious in inventing sports, but when other people would catch up with them in one—which was not long—they would drop it and invent another. They stuck with cricket because there was no competition. Tennis is really very un-British, very specialized in that it is linked so to Wimbledon, which is unquestionably the championship of the world. Why, in the British calendar, I would say that Wimbledon is at least comparable to the ceremony that used to be held for the new viceroy of India.

Wimbledon is just so much more agreeable than Forest Hills, or Roland Garros or the Foro Italico. So very little seems to mar it, though I do recall Jean Borotra once saying that his ideal death would be serving an ace at center court. It reminded him that you must be very careful in this endeavor because the linesmen are so slow that after you fall to the turf there is liable to be a voice calling "Out!!!"

More seriously, I find it truly sad that there are certain aspects of the snobishness of tennis that still remain at Wimbledon. A great friend of mine, and I think one of the most admirable of men, is Bunny Austin, who was the last Englishman to make the singles finals of Wimbledon and who teamed with Fred Perry to bring the British their greatest triumphs in the Davis Cup in the 1930s. Bunny is a successful businessman but at the same time is one of the pillars of the Moral Re-Armament movement—with which I'm not very much in sympathy, although I am enormously in sympathy with Bunny and his wife. And yet, because he is in the Moral Re-Armament program, he is not a member of the All England Club. Thus I find absolutely unsurprising that people can be so ungrateful as to deny him entrance to the place where he so rightfully deserves to be. It is as impossible as imagining Olympus without Jupiter.

But then, the people who administer tennis the world over are absolutely surpassed by the events. They treat their players as though they were gladiators, in the most cavalier and stupid fashion. What a shame for the game that the usual lawn tennis association people are of such an extraordinary low level. I think they are even worse than film distributors.

I remember one marvelous exchange which I overheard at the Pacific Southwest tournament in Hollywood, when Mr. Perry Jones approached Ramanathan Krishnan and said he was fed up with his behavior and would have to report him to his federation. "In that case," Krishnan replied, "you had better give the letter to me, because I am the Indian federation."

There is this element in my love for tennis, that it is such an international sport—like soccer, which I enjoy watching, but don't care for playing, since it is sometimes a little difficult to find 21 others to play with you. Tennis does take

on national characteristics so very easily. Krishnan, for instance, is capable of beating anyone with his soft, accurate shots, psyching opponents with a game that is obviously related to the Indian character. Manolo Santana and Maria Bueno, and even your González and Segura—so marvelously Latin, their strength and their weakness.

My own is a touch game, although too often the touch finds the net or the netting at the back. I roam quite a bit because I have quick reflexes and am better at the net than at the baseline. I see both the theater and tennis as sports of quick reflexes. Because, in fact, the theater is such a sport, I disapprove of the so-called Method—it is so analytical that it slows down everybody's reactions. I believe, obviously, that you must go into depth in your own mind when you're going to attack a character, but I believe also that the whole Method approach to acting is as though you asked everybody to consider every ball in a tennis game and work it out on a plan. You're so hidebound at the end that you miss all the excitement—the quick reactions in the theater or in sport.

There are also psychological things which are, to my mind, especially interesting. For instance, when there is a quick exchange of balls and suddenly at an instant somebody lobs, you somehow know the other lad is going to miss it because all at once he has too much time to think after a passage in which his instinct alone guided him. It is that disruption which is terribly similar to the moment in the theater when you blow your lines. It is invariably the moment on stage when you take time out and say to yourself, "Ah, thank God, I'm over the awkward bit and this bit I know." Aaaa! You're stuck. That is it, the sudden variation of pace which is so liable to throw the mind, or the stroke, off its rhythm.

I was doing a film in Rome a few years ago and three players arrived unexpectedly and wanted me to make a fourth. They were Niall Fraser, who was then at the top of the tree, a Californian named Jack Frost and my old friend Abe Segal from South Africa. They were wonderful to ask me. I felt very cosseted by them, lulled, because they know I'm a fanatic but don't really play very well. They put up with me because they know

that sometimes I will take them out to dinner, though that should not be sufficient reason.

For some reason it was decided—I suppose again to flatter me—that a fair team, a fair one, would be Fraser and Segal vs. Frost and me. Absolutely ludicrous. The first thing I had to face was Fraser's service, which I had never seen from that angle before except in the newsreels. I saw him winding up and aiming, and suddenly I noticed an aspirin flying at me.

I put my racket in the way and felt an enormous wrench, and the ball went flying back, to Fraser's surprise—and mine. He was coming into the net, but he hadn't gotten in quite far enough and so he hit the ball back at me again, and I remember thinking—a kind of emergency semaphore—if it's possible once, it's possible again. Once more I felt an enormous wrench and the ball flew back again.

This time it really surprised him—he was up at the net—and he sent a rather soft ball—that is, soft by his standards—to my backhand. I was embarrassed by it, because my backhand is notoriously weak, and all I could do was pat it back. In the air the aspirin became a beach ball, and though he was right at the net, he was so surprised he put it into the net.

I looked around in triumph. A friend who was standing there but not watching asked if I were winning. Ah, I love on Fraser's service. But I didn't reply, which was wise, for thereafter I was like a war correspondent, just watching the bullets pass.

Tennis at its best is a game of endless surprises. If Goliath wins, you think, yes of course that is logical, but if David wins, you think only how marvelous. It is also, of course, a thing of stamina. Any big tournament, like Wimbledon, is a marathon. You must win seven matches just to get into the final and it is a tremendous physical and mental drain. That's why I think the Davis Cup—which I love—is not quite fair. I don't see why the champion nation can sit it out. It should be in the thing from the beginning. It would also be more interesting for defenders to have to take risks, to try out their good people.

Tennis seems to me a game of tremendous subtlety—which is perhaps why it has never become enormously popular. Certainly, it must be subtle when

you think that the United States can be defeated by Ecuador, when you think that at just some moment a country can produce two great players who can take the Davis Cup. And yet it seems to be very difficult to produce a player of world rank. There are many efficient players but it is so rare that you find one subtle enough to be the champion.

I remember at the Pacific Southwest the first time I saw a young Spanish player—very young and unknown at the time—Santana. He was not supposed to beat anybody, but he was playing marvelously well and we happened to meet. He suddenly asked me for my autograph. I said, I'll give you my autograph if you'll give me yours, and so we exchanged. He was playing Alex Olmedo next, and Olmedo was near the height of his career, but I said to Santana that he was going to win.

He protested that that was impossible, but he won the first set against Olmedo. Santana lost the second, but as he changed sides to begin the deciding set I did a thumbs-up sign, because he said he had liked Nero in *Quo Vadis*. And Manolo won the last set 6-0.

I lost sight of him completely then, but a little bit later he was in the French championships in 1961 and I read that he had reached the quarterfinals. I was crossing France by car when I learned of this, so I stopped and sent Manolo a telegram just saying "Olé!" The next day I opened the paper and saw he had won his way to the semifinals, so I sent him a cable saying, "Olé, Olé!" And he won that and went into the finals for a chance at his first major title against Pietrangeli. So now I sent him a cable saying, "Olé, Olé, Olé!"

I could not find the results of the finals till late the next evening in the south of France, when I got an evening paper that described Santana's victory and said he had jumped the net shouting, "Olé, Olé, Olé!" Long afterward I saw him and he thanked me for my encouragement, so whenever he is in a big match, Australia or anywhere, I always send him a cable. Of course, it doesn't always work.

Though I most enjoy watching a player like Santana, I never look for one thing when I go to any match because I don't think that any tennis player ever lives by himself. The most marvelous thing is when you find two players of contrasting techniques. In that sense I think

continued

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US TANGY continued

it must be like chess—although I don't play chess myself—for when I see a great tennis match I think this must be like that scene in Moscow, where you have the great crowds watching the chess scoreboards and gasping whenever somebody makes an odd move. It's this to me, but of course at a very, very high speed.

I don't think, really, that most people realize it is not good enough to be a champion in tennis; it takes two to make greatness. A great match needs a loser as well as a winner. This is something on a much deeper and more profound basis that we don't usually realize. I'm writing a play now about Pontius Pilate, simply because there was a much maligned man; without him there would have been no match, and Jesus could not have won and entered history. It is always this way. You needed Pétain to make de Gaulle. There's always someone you have to step over to get to where you are, someone who contributes to your success. That's my point. I don't believe in either villains or heroes but in everybody's contribution to a story—or a match.

END

On!

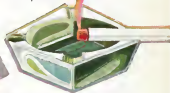


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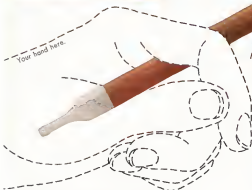
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SUN GLASSES
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◆ **Senator Alvin Cranston** (D-Calif.) was a fine quarter-mile in his years at Stanford (1933-36)—he ran the 440 in 48 flat and the 100 in 9.9. Now the Senator feels that it's time to compete again, and at the age of 54 he is working out four times a week in preparation for the Second Annual U.S. Masters Track and Field Championships, to be held next month in San Diego. "Actually I wanted to go last year," he says, "but I pulled a muscle and my campaign managers made me quit. They were afraid I wouldn't be in shape to campaign." The Senator isn't much on being out of shape. Two years ago he and his then 15-year-old son competed in an informal decathlon ("minus the pole vault"), coached by a couple of friends, Russ Hodge and Bill Toomey. But for the Masters meet next month Senator Cranston is concentrating on the 100-yard dash. So far he has been timed in the 50 at a mastery 5.5. "From a running start," he points out scrupulously.

Fran Tarkenton was voted Sports Father of the Year, and showed himself sensible of the honor in the most appropriate possible way: he had another baby. Matthew Francis Tarkenton arrived one week after the award.

Analysis and Theory of Coaching Football X425 is the title of a physical education class to be held at the University of California's Irvine campus this summer, and it couldn't be offered at a more opportune time. The San Diego Chargers are setting up their training camp at UCI (working out on a Rugby field because the Anteaters do not have a football team), and Coach Sid Gilman and his staff will teach the six-week course. Last week Gilman showed up



at Irvine for a "kickoff" press conference, but UCI's chancellor, Daniel G. Aldrich Jr., couldn't make it—he was busy trying to prevent a student demonstration. "I hope we don't start any riots because of inadequate instruction," said Sid.

When **Michael Donaldson** played for the American Hockey League they called him the Toy Tiger. With his current club, the Portland (Ore.) Buckaroos of the Western Hockey League, he drew 226 minutes in penalties to set a team record for a single season. But life is obviously not all sitting in the penalty box for Mike Donaldson: he has just addressed a businessmen's meeting in Portland on the subject of "My Hobby—Cooking."

"If things ever get bad for us financially," says Julie Nixon Eisenhower bravely, "David could play golf for money." Of course he could, dear girl. But could he win any?

In a recent interview **Sir Laurence Olivier**, making a point about the proper size for a theater, said, "The relation between actor and audience should be,

at least in distance, about that of pitcher and batter in your baseball. A bit over 60 feet, isn't it? Otherwise, in one of those monstrous halls, one plays to reach people way up there and one becomes grotesque to those close up." The distance from the plate to the mound in the game of baseball seems like a reasonable bit of knowledge for Sir Laurence. Is he, perhaps, a baseball fan? No. "He knows just enough," says a friend, "to know the size of the field and the distance between pitcher and batter." Baseball, of all games, has specialized aficionados among its followers—but a man who just memorizes the size of the field and the distance from the mound to the plate?

Norman Rockwell is taking a vacation. "I need a rest," the 75-year-old artist explained, "so I am taking a bicycle trip through . . . what is that place? Copenhagen. I am told they have lovely bicycle paths."

◆ "Dad says he likes me to play tennis because it keeps me out of trouble," explained **Otto Martin**, after his first match at the Wills Open in Bristol, England. So **Otto Martin** thinks you can't get into trouble on a tennis court? His 17-year-old son (who had left his rock group home when he went to England to play tennis) drew **Ken Rosewall** and was dispatched 6-0, 6-0, taking only 17 points. However, when the dust settled no one saw anything but a bright side. "Well, I enjoyed that!" said young Martin. "I was very honored to be on the same court as Ken Rosewall." Ken Rosewall said that young Martin had some nice strokes. An English newspaper observed that Rosewall's methodical and unrelenting play had been a great compliment to

the inexperienced boy. Moreover, Otto was paid \$72 for the loss and, undaunted, plans to try to qualify for Wimbledon this week at Rochampton.

Scott Carpenter attended an auto race recently and, inevitably, was asked whether he preferred speeding around in a race car or a space capsule. "You have at least 1,100 people helping you travel to the moon," he replied. "You're by yourself on the race-track. I'll take the moonshot."

Cathy Stockton, formerly Miss Redlands, California Citrus Queen and Maid of California, and now the wife of golfer **Dave Stockton**, has a new baby. "He is no problem on the tour," Cathy said the other day, "but I do have to laugh at Dave. He refuses to change diapers." "Of course," Stockton replied. "I told you when we got married and teamed up together you must abide by my rules. I'm in charge of health and recreation. You get the sanitation department."

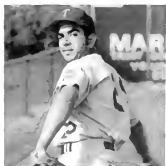




JON MATLACK, 19, IS TOP PROSPECT



RANDY STERLING, 16, MAY BE BETTER



DANNY FRISSELLA, 23, IS ON WAY BACK

Guess who's coming up now!

The pitcher-rich, power-poor New York Mets have a load of talent in the minor leagues. There's only one problem. All the best are pitchers

If one is to believe the gospel according to Charles Schulz, the New York Mets have got everything backwards. In *Peanuts* the focus of all the other kids' exasperation is Charlie Brown on the mound. On the Mets it often seems that good old Charlie is occupying every position but pitcher. Why there has not yet appeared a book of cartoons entitled "Good Grief, Ed Kranepool and Ron Swoboda and the Rest of You Guys!" is hard to imagine.

This is not to denigrate the contributions of Neon Clean Jones, with his .340-something batting average in the midst of a slump, nor is anyone making light of the 11-game winning streak that pushed the Mets dizzily over the .500 mark and into second—yes, second!—place. But if the Mets go on to win the National League's Eastern Division, then the Cy Young Award will have to be broken up into small pieces and spread around the entire New York pitching staff. They will all have earned it.

Last season Met pitchers had a corporate earned run average of 2.72, yet lost 16 more games than they won, thanks to the team batting average of .228. This season, what with offense going up everywhere, the statistical contrast is a little less stark. But during that 11-game streak—an all-time Met record and in fact only six short of the team record for consecutive losses—Tom Seaver (24 years old, three wins), Jerry Koosman (25, two), Gary Gentry (22, two), Tug McGraw (24, one), Jim McAndrew (25), an elderly discovery named Jack DiLauro (26) and senior citizens Don Cardwell (33, one) and Ron Taylor (31, two in relief) averaged, all together, almost nine strikeouts a game, fewer than six enemy hits and a 1.68 ERA.

Meanwhile, their supporters scored more than four runs only four times. Six of the 11 games were won by one run and two of them by two runs. In the first game of the streak Koosman went 10 innings, gave up four hits and retired with the score 0-0. DiLauro had to leave the seventh game after nine in-

nings of two-hit ball. The old Mets may be dead, as Tommie Agee cried euphorically at one point during the sport, but the new ones by no means offer the best support a young pitcher could ask for.

So what do these ill-supported youths, these waifs, have to look forward to, coming along from the Mets' farm teams? Surely a new crop of infielders, outfielders and pinch hitters is opening down there? Well, no. Coming up most prominently are a bunch of fine young pitchers.

In the five years of the free-agent draft, the Mets' first choice has been a pitcher three times. In 1965 it was Les Rohr, who was born in Lowestoft, England, lives in Billings, Mont., stands 6' 5" and still throws extremely hard today at the age of 23. So far his big-league record is two wins and three losses, in the minors he is only 13-23, but the Mets are still expecting him to develop. He started with a one-hitter in Memphis this year, then went into the service for 20 days and now is working back into shape (he tends to put on weight).

The 1967 draft pick, Jon Matlack, is the best prospect in the Mets' system. He is 19, was the youngest player on the Mets' roster this spring and is now perhaps the most valuable on that of Tidewater, Va., the Mets' AAA farm team, where he is 7-3. Hewas 13-6 at Raleigh-Durham last year with an ERA of 2.76 and 188 strikeouts in 173 innings. It is obvious he is a better prospect than the rest because he pitched seven no-hitters before going professional, whereas the others only pitched four or five.

But Joe McDonald, director of the Mets' minor league operations, says that this year's first choice, Randy Sterling of Key West, may be more advanced than Matlack was at the same age. He is about the same size, 6' 3" and 195 pounds, he also signed for about \$50,000 just last week, and McDonald calls him "the most advanced high school prospect in quite a few years." He will report to the Mets' Pompano Beach farm, where he may or may not main-

continued

Eleven Years

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Biggest Since 1951**

**Consumer Prices
Rise to a High
in December**

**PRICE MOVES SET
ON KEY PRODUCTS**

**CITY BANK RAISES
BORROWING COST**

**Medical Care Costs
Up 125 PC Since**

Cost in Money

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**DRUG STUDY FINDS
COSTS EXCESSIVE
A BURDEN ON AG**

**Tax Bill
May Touch
Untouched**

Living-Cost Rise

Parking Tax

**Living C
Sharpest
In Eight**

Tax Collector's Best Friend — Inflation

March Index

Egg Prices to Climb Even Higher;

State Inco

Is your dollar shrinking to about the size of a Volkswagen?



JIM BIBBY, 24, THROWS LIKE NEWCOMBE



LES BOKS, 22, IS REGAINING OLD FORM



JESSE HUDSON, 20, IS BEST IN RELIEF

tain his senior year average of almost two strikeouts an inning and a 0.45 ERA.

Sterling almost has to do that to hold his own among the farm prospects. For instance, there is 24-year-old Jim Bibby, who has two years in the Army behind him, stands 6' 4", weighs 225 and looks and throws like Don Newcombe. The Mets do not say that he throws as hard as Newcombe, though. Why use old Dodgers as standards for comparison? They say he may well throw harder, even, than Matlack or Nolan Ryan.

Then there is Rich Folkers, 22, who was on the Texas League all-star team last year and is in the Army now. And Danny Frisella, 23, who spent some time with the Mets the last two years, hurt his shoulder and is now coming on strong at Tidewater. And Barry Razzano, 22, whose quality was close to Matlack's—a 1.75 ERA at Memphis last year—until he hurt his elbow, which he is now resting. And Jesse Hudson, 20, at Memphis, a star reliever.

One is tempted to believe that the Mets own the complete collection of every man under 25 who ever pitched a 17-inning shutout and maintained a won-lost percentage over .850 in American Legion or high school ball. To accumulate so many beautiful young soup-bones, says Mets General Manager Johnny Murphy, "you have to be lucky."

Murphy's own pitching career with the New York Yankees of the '30s and '40s should make Koosman (3-4, 1.81 so far this year) wonder whether the Depression wouldn't have been worth it. In 1937 Murphy was 13 and 4 with an ERA of 4.17. Altogether he won 93 games and lost 53 with a lifetime ERA of 3.50. Granted, Murphy's were hitters' years, but one would think that a man with a record like that would get his boys some batting help, if only out of personal atonement. Murphy, however, insists that the Mets' preponderance of pitching came about "not by design." For instance, the Mets were inclined to draft a nonpitcher first this year. Most teams do, he says—only seven of the 24 first-round picks were pitchers—"because they want somebody who will be out there seven days a week for them." But Sterling was just too good to pass up.

It is certainly true that the Mets' remarkable success with young pitchers is a result of something other than wise and careful scouting. Seaver, Rookie of

the Year in 1967—and the man without whom nobody would ever have heard how superb the Mets' pitching staff was—came out of a hat after the Braves signed him illegally in 1966. The commissioner's office ruled that all other teams desiring to meet his contract could draw for him, and the Mets won. At 10 and 3, he actually has the only outstanding won-lost record on the club this year and his 2½-year lifetime ERA is a cool 2.46. Seaver looks more like a college fraternity president than a big-league pitching staff's senior partner, but there is no doubt that he is the Met most likely to become a 20-game winner.

Koosman, who last year had a better freshman season even than Seaver but lost out by one vote to the Reds' Johnny Bench as Rookie of the Year, was another gift. The Mets signed him out of the Army in 1964 after his service-team catcher, the son of a Shea Stadium usher, touted him to the player-development department. Gentry, this year's candidate for rookie honors with a 5-5 record, looked over at Seaver this spring as though he were Warren Spahn and said, "If I can learn to use my head the way he does, I'll have it."

Gentry is a rosy young man of 175 pounds who cocks his wrist pronouncedly and throws as hard as any of them. "You start talking about Seaver's, Koosman's and Ryan's fastballs," says Jerry Grote, their primary receiver, "and throw Gentry's in there, it's hard to choose." Gentry has been in and out this year, but he has an engaging mixture of boyishness and all will, a sort of blend of David Eisenhower and Sal Maglie, that makes him a stayer. He is the first Met draft choice to become a regular starter. They chose him after he had turned down the Orioles, Astros and Giants, mostly because his father wanted him to continue college.

So the Mets are rich in pitchers, thanks largely to good fortune. Next year, probably, they will have to deplete their store in order to pick up some hitting strength. Then they could become a pennant contender for real, and an era would end. As it is, they are in the sort of danger that E. B. White once warned James Thurber away from. Thurber tried to improve upon his inspired crude cartooning style by adding such refinements as cross-hatching and perspective. "If you ever got good," White cautioned, "you'd be mediocre." **END**



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The shiny idea is to stay dry and still soak it to 'em



Basically the idea is to look all wet. And short of standing around under a sprinkler—which severely limits one's range in making the scene—the best move may be to adopt this developing fad in sporting clothes. The new shiny effect is, as everyone reports, something else.

Young Americans who are now discovering it should credit the French: they started with a nylon fabric called *ciré* and made it into a windbreaker. *Ciré* is French for "waxed," which is as good a way as any to describe what they did to the fabric. The waxed and/or wet look was an immediate hit in Paris and, naturally, European and American designers promptly added some extra fillips of their own. They have now whipped *ciré* fabrics into jackets, shirts, pants—even beachwear and rainwear. Next winter it will show up here and there in lines of skiwear, and not long ago one London newspaper carried an article promoting knee socks with the wet look.

Such wildly innovative touches are

overambitious for *ciré*—since the stuff merely manages to look wet; it is not waterproof. One would not wear it when sailing rough seas, for example. But stylists insist that practicality is not the idea—the look is.

The rainbow of wet-lookers riding through Central Park on the page opposite is typical. At far left is a green snap-up-the-front number imported from Italy for Fox Run (\$13). The others pedal along in *ciré* jackets and shirts of Du Pont nylon made by College-Town in yellow and purple (\$12), and a variety of other models such as Arrow's blue Eisenhower jacket (\$12), Mr. Witt's red CPO shirt (\$11), Peter's white shell (\$14) and the Men's Store of Sears' yellow windbreaker (\$8.95).

Ciré for cyclists comes with a certain touch of official endorsement: that blue waxed-sleeved arm hidden in there among the riders belongs to David Charig, who is a member of Central Park's volunteer bike patrol (on summer weekends every bicycle in the East goes to the park), an organization that directs traffic and picks up those who fall.

Closer up (bottom) Bill Moher wears Enro's new shirt with wet-Western touches (\$12), and Kathy Loughry looks appropriately soaked from head to toe in a red jacket (\$32) and white bell-bottoms (\$24) by Jeannemarie Volk for Doodles. Moher's slacks and those worn by the other male cyclists are France's next sartorial contribution to the American sportswear scene—corduroy in a range of colors as broad and bright as the jackets and shirts. They're imported by De Noyer, an avant-garde New York boutique.

Still, if not entirely practical, there is at least one wet-look convenience model: Mighty-Mac's waxed wind shirt cum belt on this page (\$25), which serves all sorts of double duties. The thing starts as a jacket, then rolls tightly into a compact wastime arrangement—which should solve the problem of the stylish thing to do with the wet look on a hot, dry day. **END**

RIDING unsteadily but brightly on their new Schwans are Candy Clark (top left), Kathy Loughry, David Chang, Carla McCurdy, Jim Quare, Bill Moher and Doug Wilson. Below, Moher and Loughry soak up sun—and shine.

Penn's blades take a fourth

While Harvard was having its annual tea party with Yale, the Quakers outrowed the rest of the U.S. to win their fourth straight IRA title

It's official, Harvard Penn's crew is better than yours, and if you don't like it you can go out and arrange a match race. While you had your private little tea party with Yale last Saturday, Penn was laying its reputation on the line against the best crews from all over the country. It was hot out there on Onondaga Lake, and humid as a shower stall, and Joe Burk's Penn boys had a little fire in their lungs as they whipped Dartmouth and Wisconsin and the rest to take their fourth straight overall Intercollegiate Rowing Association championship—and third straight in the glamorous eights. But congratulations anyway, Harvard, on your mighty eight-length victory over Yale. You'd have to kiss your sister to top that.

With the IRA robbed of a rubber match between Penn and Harvard in the eights to decide the national championship boat to boat, one must give

that title to Penn. The crew that was the IRA is the best; it should be as simple as that. Given Harvard's absence and Penn's reputation, crew runs out for the big regatta in upstate New York naturally tried to read upset potential into the records of other crews, and the more romantic among them focused much to be said for Washington's Huskies. The IRA is, after all, the one regatta that pits East against West, and though the West has been on top in more than 25% of its 67 years, the IRA is regarded as an Eastern institution. Understandably so, since it has been held outside New York State only twice, and that was in 1950 and 1951 when it slipped as far into the hinterland as Marietta, Ohio.

This Eastern bias adds glamour to any Western achievement, but leaves the Westerners in a continual state of frustration, for the East easily forgets how much it owes to Western rowing. The

University of Washington has provided much of the East's coaching talent, beginning with the dean himself, Stork Sanford of Cornell. Tom Bolles, who made Harvard a rowing power some years ago, came out of Washington, as did Rusty Callow, mentor of Joe Burk at Penn, and Princeton's outstanding former coach, Dutch Schoch.

Despite this transplant of coaching power, rowing styles East and West have subtly diverged, the East favoring a quicker, sharper action in the recovery, the West a smoother, slightly slower style. On Onondaga the West also displayed quite a lot less hair than the East, although for the first time in memory the Washington freshmen were not crew cut—a concession to the times and a break with tradition that deeply shocked many Washington alumni who had done their hitch at the sweeps with shaved heads.

"There's a whole new feeling in the air," said Washington's coach, the rangy Dick Erickson. "Last year the sense was that no one could beat Penn at the IRA, but now it's different. Of course, it will take a superlative effort."

Said Lightweight Coach Doug Neil: "Everyone's sick of Pennsylvania, they're getting on everyone's nerves. If we can't win here we'd like to see one of the other Western schools do it."

Under the IRA system, preliminary heats are rowed on the two days preceding the final. A crew winning its first heat automatically proceeds to Saturday's finals, but should it lose it still stays in the running by racing in the repechages held on the intervening day. By winning its repechage, an eight then may join the Thursday winners in the championship races.

On Thursday, Cornell had the air of a school that was going to take all-day Friday off. First its freshmen won, then the junior varsity. It was not a good day for rowing, and as the varsity crews awaited the gun a stiff breeze whipped across the lake, striking the shells on the beam. Pulling an oar was approximately as easy as rolling a log uphill. Crabs had been caught all day, scout oars snapped and men thrown overboard into the murky liquid they call water at Onondaga.

Rowing bow to bow with the Penn varsity through the first 400 meters, Cornell seemed to be holding the Red and Blue easily when Dick Kruger, Cornell's

continued



THE MEN OF PENN BEGIN TO UNWIND SECONDS AFTER THEIR WIN OVER DARTMOUTH

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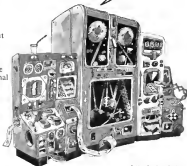
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ROWING continued

No. 3, felt his oarlock crack. Its rhythm shattered, the Big Red's shell came to a halt. After a 15-second pause that seemed like 15 years, the boat got under way again only to have Kruger's lock break completely at 1,000 meters. Still, Cornell managed to avoid finishing last in its four-boat heat, coming in third behind Wisconsin, which had encountered its own problems when Mike Lohus was catapulted into the water only 200 meters from the finish after his oarlock failed.

As things turned out, Wisconsin and Cornell were able to take advantage of repechages the next day to win their way into the finals with Navy, Dartmouth, Washington and, of course Penn.

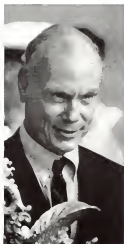
So soupy was the weather on Saturday that the only way anyone in the record crowd of 18,000 could tell where Onondaga's superheated surface ended and the hazy sky began was by the dark rim of the shoreline. Most of the spectators were standing along the shore, but in the middle of the lake powerboats jammed with fans lay moored to a line of logs forming the outer edge of the course.

First came a rare and marvelous dead-heat duel between the freshman eights of Penn and Washington. Ted Nash, Penn's freshman coach, had expected the stiffest challenge to come from Cornell, but Washington's youngsters had the crowd up and roaring as they raced dead even with Penn for the last quarter of the 2,000-meter course. The Husky drive matched Penn's own closing sprint so perfectly that, as Nash said afterward, "It became a test of who could out-sprint whom—and nobody could."

Then came a popular Cornell victory in the junior varsity finals, and, finally, the let's-get-Penn varsity climax. In the Penn shell were two men who had never before rowed in the IRA—put there by the unusual point system by which Burk rates his crews.

Down the course they came, six water bugs, each with eight legs dipping and sweeping to a private cadence. Penn shot off to a big early lead, stroking at 43, with Cornell and longshot Dartmouth next astern. But instead of slowing into its usual groove, Penn kept applying the pressure, and at the halfway point the Quakers were practically all alone.

With no more than 500 meters re-



FOR PENN'S JOE BURK, ANOTHER CUP

maining, Dartmouth came on menacingly and Penn's advantage began to shrink. Sliding along at a low, powerful 35 strokes to Penn's 37, Dartmouth continued to gain. "Dartmouth is one of the most improved crews here," Nash had said, "and remember that for some reason everyone comes to the IRA believing they can win. It is a great equalizer."

As usual, however, Penn turned out to be more equal than the rest, Dartmouth's closing burst was not quite good enough and the poised young Quakers finished one length ahead—a much stronger crew than the one that had been exhausted in victory the previous year. The best the West could manage was the third by Washington, but as Dick Erickson walked alone back to the boathouse he was able to say, "We feel we've nothing to be discouraged about. That Penn crew's tough, real tough." And Peter Van Wyck Gardner's Dartmouth crew looked as if it had won the regatta.

So there it is, Harvard, and when word gets to your alumni that we are in the 20th century and there are other schools in the land besides Yale, don't feel bashful about nging up the IRA. **END**

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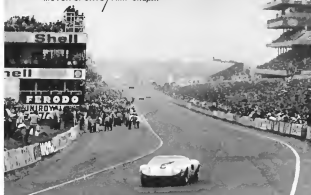
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LIFE & CASUALTY



Ford won a thriller from Porsche on the track at Le Mans (above, the winner rolls past the pits) as Pompidou power prevailed at the polls

A day for Henry and Georges

There were two pretty big races in France last weekend, one for the presidency and one at Le Mans, and the way things were at Le Mans even the most loyal fan could have been excused if he had stayed home to give some last-minute thought to the respective horsepower of M. Pompidou and M. Poher. The German Porsche factory had already clinched the World Manufacturers' Championship and appeared to be so strong in France that a 1-2-3 finish would have surprised no one. The Ford GT40s of England's John Wyer were old stuff, Ferrari had a token entry, the French Matras were unproved and it was 100 to 1, as usual, against any kind of a close race toward the end of the 24 hours. Endurance races just do not produce close finishes.

And so 300,000 Frenchmen came to Le Mans—and in the last three hours not only saw Porsche beaten but witnessed this miracle in a car-to-car duel worthy of a Grand Prix sprint. By then

only one of the six factory Porsches was still alive, a 908-model prototype driven by Hans Herrmann and Gerard Larrousse. Both of Wyer's GT40s were healthy and the one driven by Jacky Ickx and Jackie Oliver was nose to tail with the Porsche. As these cars stormed around the course at speeds close to their fastest qualifying sprints, even Rico Steinemann, the Porsche team manager, was looking on like a fan. "Fantastic, fantastic," he said to everybody who came near him as he stood, enraptured if a little nervous, still as immaculate in sports coat, shirt and tie as he had been the previous afternoon.

In the last hour the lead changed six times, and the Ford's final margin, with the Belgian Ickx at the wheel, was no more than 100 yards. And so Le Mans maintained its tradition of being thoroughly French in everything except the winning car. The countryside surrounding the 8.3-mile circuit was one huge nationalistic picnic, replete with

fairs and carnivals, *pâté* and wine, Jean-Claude Killy in a Renault-Alpine and, thank goodness, *les jeunes filles*. And though a French car had not won since 1950 there was something more than the usual forlorn hope. Never mind that one of the French Matras, driven by Johnny Servoz-Gavin, nearly wiped out three officials shortly after dark when he pulled out of his pits—in reverse. Matra was there, and Matra challenged well.

The Matra company is basically one of France's leading defense contractors—missiles and that sort of thing—and hardly one that you would expect to be involved in racing. But a few years ago the company's president, Marcel Chassagny, had a talk with a small racing-car contractor named Henri Bonnet, who had a shop near the main Matra plant in Paris. Since Chassagny is something of a sports nut, one thing led to another and before long, with the aid of ELF, a French gasoline company, and substantial support from the French government itself, Matra got into the racing-car business. Its Formula 1 effort is well known, of course, because Jackie Stewart very nearly won the world driving championship in a Matra-Ford last year and is challenging for it again this season, but its sports prototype program is something else.

Last year Matra entered just one car at Le Mans, and that only at the insistence of the French government. Even so, at one time the car was running second and it lasted 21 hours before failing. This year Matra was a lot more serious about Le Mans, but until last week all the pretty blue cars had done was crash a lot. Henri Pescarolo totaled one car during practice for the Daytona Continental, and then in April during a secret test on the Le Mans circuit Pescarolo launched himself like a Matra missile near the end of the Mulsanne Straight and was severely burned. (About the only good that came out of this second accident was that the Le Mans organizers finally put up guardrails along the straight, a 3½-mile-long speed chute where the most powerful cars easily reach 210 mph.) Despite these disasters, four of the Matras, all powered by three-liter V-12 engines, showed up on the grid for the drivers' footrace known everywhere as the Le Mans start.

Just before the start, Sam Posey, one of only two American drivers in the race—and isn't that a surprise, consid-

continued

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One of the medals won back 1892 for being honest bourbon—but with manners.



ering the Ford Motor Company's recent dominance?—said, "In endurance racing, the driver is only a negative factor. The only way he can affect the outcome is to make a mistake." Barely four minutes into the race, just after the leading cars completed their first lap under a hazy sky later penetrated by sunshine, the first mistake was made, and it cost an obscure British driver named John Woolfe his life.

Less than a week before Woolfe had picked up the first of the Porsche 917s to be sold publicly, one exactly like the car with which Britain's Vic Elford and Dick Attwood were to dominate much of the race. Woolfe qualified the car well and on the first lap was euphoric, until he entered the White House turn—a 130-mph left-right—too fast. He got sideways halfway into the turn, shot across the narrow track and hit the outer embankment practically head on, then caromed to the opposite side of the road. The car burst into flame and Woolfe died instantly.

Directly behind Woolfe was Chris Amon in a Ferrari 312P, which had been the fastest of the Italian cars in practice. Amon ran over one of Woolfe's flaming wheels and at first thought his car had exploded as well. It hadn't, but the car was covered with fire and Amon suffered slight burns over his right eye while vacating the Ferrari. "I watched Woolfe for two miles and he was all over the track," Amon said. "I was trying to stay out of trouble. I don't need that sort of thing."

After that, the race quickly settled down to a three-cornered duel among the Matras, the Porsches and the five-liter John Wyer GT40s, similar to the type that had won in 1968.

Everybody knew Wyer's plans and his team's capacities. Since the Fords obviously were not nearly as fast as the Porsches or Matras, Wyer (by remote control from England, where he was attending his sick wife) would run a relatively cautious race, hope the leaders would overreach themselves and make

his bid during the last hours of the race.

Porsche, French nationalism aside, had to be the favorite. This year has been the most successful in its history. After an awkward start in America, where Porsche had managed to lose at Daytona to a pair of Lola-Chevys and at Sebring to Wyer's reliable GT40s, the Stuttgart works had assured itself of the World Manufacturers' Championship for the first time by taking all five previous European races counting toward the title—at Spa, Monza, Brands Hatch and the Nürburgring in addition to the Targa Florio. However, Porsche had never won Le Mans outright and very nearly didn't enter.

The trouble was a flap over flaps, i.e., movable spoilers at both ends of the rear wing of the 917s. The CSI, which is the competitive arm of the FIA and which had hastily banned airfoils on Formula I cars last month, told Porsche it couldn't run with the wings or the flaps. Porsche, in turn, told the Le Mans organizers that if they couldn't run with

continued



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the wings, they wouldn't run at all. They already had their world title and, besides, they had gone well over the racing budget for the year.

A compromise was reached, under which the 917s could run with wings and flaps, the 908s with wings only. That satisfied everybody, especially since the best Porsche of all, the 908 driven by Jo Siffert and Brian Redman, which had won four of those five European races, did not have a wing at all but rather two fins, vintage 1958 Cadillac, sticking up from the rear fenders.

The race began as a Porsche parade, a 917 driven by Rolf Stommelen and Kurt Ahrens leading through the first hour, but the car was ailing from a faulty exhaust and an oil leak that finally forced it to retire at 3.50 Sunday morning. Next to lead was the Siffert-Redman 908, which prospered until an oil leak caused its gearbox to seize. Then Elford and Attwood took over and, considering that their car had appeared in only two previous races and had not done well in ei-

ther, performed impressively as long as it lasted.

The Matras had their moments, especially an open-seat spyder driven by Jean-Pierre Beltoise and Piers Courage. At the seven-hour mark it had moved into second place, but then all sorts of trouble began to overtake it. First the Matra crew took an abnormally long time to replace brake pads. Then, with night approaching, crewmen took 20 minutes to get the car's rear lights working. Minor but time-consuming problems, like Servoz-Gavin's miscue in the pits, plagued the others, forcing the retirement of one and costing the rest whatever chance they had for victory. Still, the French fans would not give up and into the last hours of the race cheered wildly every time one of their cars roared down the pit straight.

The Ford GT40s, on the other hand, were trouble-free, and through the long night hours, when the Matras fell back and another contending Porsche driven by Gerhard Mitter crashed at the end

of the Mulsanne Straight, the Fords pushed forward. By dawn Ickx-Oliver were third and the second GT40, driven by David Hobbs and Mike Hailwood, was fifth. Just before 11 a.m. the second-place Porsche, driven by Willi Kauhsen and Rudi Lins, retired, and the Fords were second and fourth. And just after 11 the leading Elford-Attwood Porsche was parked. Oliver and Ickx had been seven laps behind, but now there was no rush, and they were already getting the slow-down sign from their pits.

They had to step on it again, of course, when the Herrmann-Larrousse Porsche fought so brilliantly in the last hours, and in the end there was something for nearly everybody, even the French. A Renault-Alpine (not Killy's, sad to say) had won the Index of Performance, and Matras had manfully finished fourth and fifth. People who did not get home in time to vote discovered it did not matter. Pompidou won his race quite a bit more handily than the Ford. **END**

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Drugs in Sport

The pill, capsule, vial and needle have become fixtures of the locker room as athletes increasingly turn to drugs in the hope of improving performances. This trend—one that poses a major threat to U.S. sport even though the Establishment either ignores or hushes up the issue—is explored here in Part I of a series

PROBLEMS IN A TURNED-ON WORLD

by Bil Gilbert

Among the less startling assertions one could make today would be that we live in a drug culture. The vast majority of us gobble an aspirin here, gulp an antibiotic there, whiff a decongestant now or a few milligrams of nicotine then. We take a little opiate in our cough syrup, a jab of Novocain from the dentist, caffeine to start the day, alcohol to mellow it and a sedative to blank it out at bedtime. However, after it has been admitted that most citizens dope themselves from time to time, there remain excellent grounds for claiming that in the matter of drug usage, athletes are different from the rest of us. In spite of being—for the most part—young, healthy and active specimens, they take an extraordinary variety and quantity of drugs (see cover). They take them for dubious purposes, they take them in a situation of debatable morality, they take them under conditions that range from dangerously experimental to hazardous to fatal. The use of drugs—legal drugs—by athletes is far from new, but the increase in drug usage in the last 10 years is startling. It could, indeed, menace the tradition and structure of sport itself.

To begin, consider some examples of the role drugs have come to play in sport:

"A few pills—I take all kinds—and the pain's gone," says Dennis McLain of the Detroit Tigers. McLain also takes shots, or at least took a shot of cortisone and Xylocaine (anti-inflammatory and painkiller) in

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his throwing shoulder prior to the sixth game of the 1968 World Series—the only game he won in three tries. In the same Series, which at times seemed to be a matchup between Detroit and St. Louis druggists, Cardinal Bob Gibson was gobbling muscle-relaxing pills, trying chemically to keep his arm loose. The Tigers' Series hero Mickey Lolich, was on antibiotics.

• "We occasionally use Desamyl and Dexedrine [amphetamines]. We also use barbiturates, Seconal, Tuinal, Nembutal. We also use some anti-depressants, Tofranil, Valium. But I don't think the use of drugs is as prevalent in the Midwest as it is on the East and West coasts." said Dr. J. C. Middleman, who until his death last September, was team surgeon for the St. Louis baseball Cardinals.

• After suffering a shoulder injury during the second quarter of the 1969 Sugar Bowl game, Arkansas Quarterback Bill Montgomery went to the sidelines, got a needleful of painkiller in the joint and came back to complete 11 passes and beat Georgia. "The shot helped," said Montgomery. "My shoulder didn't hurt bad until the shot began to wear off in the fourth quarter."

• "Give me two sleeping pills," said Los Angeles Laker star Jerry West to his trainer following the first game of the 1969 NBA championships in which West scored 53 points against the Boston Celtics.

• On Oct. 24, 1968 in Grenoble, France, Jean-Louis Quadri, 18, a soccer player, dribbled toward the opposing goal. However, before he could get off his shot he collapsed on the field. He was dead on arrival at the Grenoble hospital. An autopsy indicated he was heavily drugged with amphetamines (pcp pills). On Nov. 3, 1968, also in Grenoble, 23-year-old Yves Motin was the surprise winner of a regional cross-country bicycle race. Two days later he died, and again amphetamines were a contributory factor. On Feb. 5, 1969 two French cyclists, Paul Barnay and Michel Fayolle, were indicted in a Grenoble court where they admitted having furnished Motin with the fatal drugs, which they had smuggled into France from Italy.

• Amphetamines were among the drugs banned for use by athletes in the 1968 Olympic Games, and for which positive testing was conducted. A U.S. weight lifter, who admitted most of his colleagues took a few amphetamines before competing in order to get that extra little lift, was asked how the Olympic ban affected performance. "What ban?" he asked blandly. "Everyone used a new one from West Germany. They couldn't pick it up in the test they were using. When they get a test for that one, we'll find something else. It's like cops and robbers."

• "Are anabolic steroids [a male hormone derivative that supposedly makes users bigger and stronger than they could otherwise be] widely used by Olympic weight men?" rhetorically asks Dave Maggard, who finished fifth in the shotput at Mexico and is now the University of California track coach. "Let me put it this way. If they had come

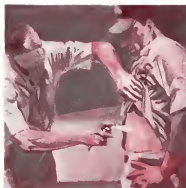
into the village the day before competition and said we have just found a new test that will catch anyone who has used steroids, you would have had an awful lot of people dropping out of events because of instant muscle pulls."

• Dr. H. Kay Dooley, director of the Wood Memorial Clinic in Pomona, Calif., is well known among athletes as one of the few physicians who openly endorse use of anabolic steroids. "I don't think it is possible for a weight man to compete internationally without using anabolic steroids," says Dr. Dooley. "All the weight men on the Olympic team had to take steroids. Otherwise they would not have been in the running." Dr. Dooley was one of the physicians in charge of medical services at South Lake Tahoe, the 1968 U.S. Olympic high-altitude training camp. "I did not give steroids at Tahoe," says the California physician, "but I also did not inquire what the boys were doing on their own. I did not want to be forced into a position of having to report them for use of a banned drug. A physician involved in sports must keep the respect and confidence of the athletes with whom he is working."

• On Sept. 13, 1968, Mike R. Breckon, manager of the Canadian national cycling team then preparing to race in Greece, gave team members a memo telling them how and when to take two drugs that were supplied in a separate packet. Breckon closed his instructions with the remark, "You will no doubt note that very small amounts of strychnine are contained in both these preparations. Don't get the wrong idea that the substance is poisonous."

It is on the forbidden list of substances in the CCA [Canadian Cycling Association] rules concerning the use of stimulants, but as you will not be taking it during the race and it is being administered to you under prescription by a doctor, there is no problem."

• "It is not unusual for an athlete to carry his own little



kit with hypodermic syringes. Athletes have learned to inject themselves," says Harold Connolly, U.S. Olympic hammer thrower. "Some track athletes," says Russ Hodge, a U.S. decathlon man, "spend \$30 or \$40 a month on pills, steroids and food supplements."

● Four years ago George Richey, a tennis pro and father of tennis internationalist Cliff Richey, withdrew his son (or got him fired) from the U.S. Davis Cup team because, among other things, Cup Captain George MacCall had wanted to treat young Cliff's sore thumb with a drug called DMSO. DMSO was at that time widely used. It was believed to be a wonder cure for every athletic ailment from cauliflower ear to tennis thumb. A wonder cure it wasn't. In November 1965, the Food and Drug Administration restricted the use of DMSO to controlled clinical testing on the grounds that 1) its use had gotten out of hand, 2) its effectiveness was questionable and 3) its possible dangers had not been determined.

Such a collection of pharmaceutical vignettes can be expanded at will, but while the amount and kinds of drugs used in sports are impressive, the important difference between athletic and nonathletic drug use comes down to a matter of motive. An athlete takes—or is given by his supervisors, medical and otherwise—many drugs that he would not take or be given if he were not an athlete. And the rationale for much athletic drug use is unique, for the drugs are not taken either with the intention or effect of improving or maintaining health, or to achieve a pleasurable sensation, but rather because the athlete or those around him believe he will perform better drugged than undrugged.

For example, the family of hormonal drugs, which are widely known in athletic circles as anabolic steroids, were developed as restorative aids for patients seriously debilitated by age, accident, major surgery or other infirmities. As with any drug, there are risks attendant with their use—in this case, disruption of certain glandular functions, particularly the sexual. However, a physician may reasonably prescribe anabolic steroids to an emaciated 70-year-old man on the assumption that if the drug helps add 10 pounds to his wasted body this advantage will outweigh the risk of decreased sperm production, testicular atrophy or prostate discomfort. On the other hand, there is no conventional medical reason for a healthy 23-year-old, 240-pound shotputter to use the drug. But many do, because they believe the drug will make them bigger and stronger than they are and because they believe they cannot become national or world-class competitors without it. It is their motivation that makes athletic anabolic steroid users unique.

Another example of the same general phenomenon occurs in the case of the broken-legged hockey player. Midway through the sixth game of the 1964 Stanley Cup finals against Detroit, Bobby Baun, then of the Toronto Maple Leafs, was hit on the leg by the puck and carried from the rink on a stretcher. In the training room he received an injection of Novocain. His leg was taped, he returned to

play, and he scored the winning goal in overtime. The next day it was determined Baun had a cracked right fibula. Nonetheless, he was shot with painkiller and willingly, probably eagerly, took his regular turn on the ice the following day.

Numbing a broken leg and sending the patient out to play hockey is not a treatment any physician would follow with a nonathlete. It may not cause complications, but the procedure has no known therapeutic value. It is not conceived as a method of speeding up or improving the knitting of bone. The only motive was to enable a man to play a game that he could not otherwise have played.

There are abundant rumors—the wildest of which circulate within rather than outside the sporting world—about strung-out quarterbacks, hopped-up pitchers, slowed-down middleweights, convulsed half-milers and doped-to-death wrestlers. Nevertheless, it is the question of motive and morality that constitutes the crux of the athletic drug problem. Even if none of the gossip could be reduced to provable fact, there remains ample evidence that drug use constitutes a significant dilemma, not so much for individual athletes as for sport in general. One reason is that the use of drugs in sport leads one directly to more serious and complicated questions: Is athletic integrity (and, conversely, corruption) a matter of public interest? Does it matter, as appreciators of sport have so long and piously claimed it does, that games be played in an atmosphere of virtue; even righteousness? If not, what is the social utility of games—why play them at all? Drug usage, even more than speculation about bribery, college recruiting, spot-balls or TV commercials, raises such sticky questions about the fundamentals of sport that one can understand the instinctive reaction of the athletic Establishments: when it comes to drugs, they ignore, dismiss, deny.

"Somebody should speak out on this subject, and speak out strongly," says Dr. Robert Kerlan, until recently the physician for the Los Angeles Dodgers as well as for a number of individual athletes in all sports. "I'm not a therapeutic nihilist," says Kerlan. "Situations arise where there are valid medical reasons for prescribing drugs for athletes. There are special occupational health problems in some sports. However, the excessive and secretive use of drugs is likely to become a major athletic scandal, one that will shake public confidence in many sports just as the gambling scandal tarnished the reputation of basketball. The essence of sports is matching the natural ability of men. When you start using drugs, money or anything else surreptitiously to gain an unnatural advantage, you have corrupted the purpose of sports as well as the individuals involved in the practice."

The view of Dr. Dooley is quite different from that of Dr. Kerlan. In fact, the two men in many ways represent the opposite poles of medical and metaphysical opinion regarding drug use in sports. Nevertheless, both the Los Angeles area physicians share the common belief that this is a serious mat-

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ter and one that should be aired thoroughly in public.

Dr. Dooley is a wiry, excitable, even a pugnacious man, and also a very busy one. His Wood Memorial Clinic is usually crowded with halt, lame and worried athletes who have come for treatment, information or reassurance. He treats professional, college, high school and even grade school athletes. The majority come from the Los Angeles area, but not a few are from other parts of the country. Dooley perhaps being better known among participants than physicians.

"I don't pretend to be a researcher or a scientist," says Dooley. "I'm a practicing physician who is interested in athletes. A lot of physicians are stuffed shirts when it comes to sports. Athletes do want to perform better, that is what it is all about. If I know of something which may improve performance, a training or rehabilitation technique, a drug that is legal and which I don't believe involves any serious health risk, I see no reason not to make it available to an athlete. I can't see any ethical difference between giving a drug to improve performance and wrapping an ankle or handing out a salt pill for the same purpose. Athletes hear about these things and they are going to get them one way or another."

Between the opposed views of the two West Coast doctors—Dr. Kerlan's that drug abuse constitutes a growing athletic crisis and Dr. Dooley's that the use of drugs is the sporting wave of the future—there are all shades of opinion and all kinds of fancy hedging and dodging. But there is also one thing that is agreed upon—a greater quantity and variety of drugs are being used now than were used a generation, a decade or even a year ago.

Setting aside ethical considerations for the moment, there are obvious reasons why athletes should use so many drugs. The most obvious is that there are more drugs available these days for everyone than ever before. Furthermore, we have all been sold on the efficacy of drugs. We believe that the overflowing pharmacopoeia is one of the unquestioned triumphs of the age. We have been sold on drugs empirically because we have tried them and enjoy the results. We have been sold by countless magazine and newspaper stories about wonder drugs—many of which later turned out to be less than wondrous—by massive pro-drug propaganda campaigns mounted by pharmaceutical manufacturers, by TV actors dressed in doctors' coats and by real doctors, many of whom are very quick with the prescription pad. Generally, we have accepted rather uncritically the central message of this persuasive pitch—drugs are good for you. These days it is a cultural reflex to reach for a vial, an atomizer, a capsule or a needle if you suffer from fever, chills, aches, pains, nausea, nasal congestion, irritability, the doldrums, sluggishness, body odor, obesity, emaciation, too many kids, not enough kids, nagging backache or tired blood.

It would be surprising if athletes were not influenced by the same trends and tendencies that have the rest of us so

high on drugs. A Pepper Martin, if plunked in the ribs by a Schoolboy Rowe fastball in 1934, would have trotted down to first base without doing anything about his injury because 1) there was nothing he or anyone else knew to do about it, and 2) he would have thought it a little absurd to have taken medicine for a bruise. In 1969 when a hitter catches one in the side, the game is likely to be stopped while he is sprayed with ethyl chloride to freeze the area, takes an enzyme or (if his medical attendant has come by some on the black market) has some DMSO slathered on the bruise. If he is a particularly sensitive jock he might even take a sedative or a painkilling pill. All this is done, and even demanded, because such aids are available and the consensus is that it is the smart, scientific, modern thing to use them.

On the other hand, if you fell down the front steps and bruised your ribs, you would not use ethyl chloride, an enzyme or DMSO. Athletes do because they have far more access to drugs than most of us. They do not have to stand around in waiting rooms, at pharmacy counters or on street corners for their fixes. Drugs are brought to them, and usually provided free of charge. The athlete gets free professional advice from physicians and assisting trainers as to what drugs to take, and when and how. Of all vocational groups, athletes are probably under the closest medical supervision. While physicians and trainers will often bridle at the suggestion (drug has become a four-letter word for them as well as others), the general pattern seems to be that the more closely one is associated with the medical profession the larger one's drug consumption is likely to be. Increasingly a major role of athletic medicine men is to keep the athletic Establishment informed about what drugs can be used to what advantage, and to serve as drug dispensers. Most drugs—good and bad, safe and risky, effective and ineffective, legal and illegal—used by athletes are supplied directly by physicians or indirectly by physicians through trainers. If drug usage in sport is a developing scandal, then it is a scandal that involves the medical Establishment as well as the sporting one.

"Exuberance, our own exuberance, is something we physicians in sports have to guard against," says Dr. John Finley, a team physician for the Detroit Red Wings. "Most of us work with teams as sort of a labor of love, because we are fans. I know I am. I root hard for the Wings. I'm trying to think of what I can do to help them win. Maybe there is a drug that will help. I try to watch myself, not let my emotions influence my medical judgment, but it is something to keep in mind."

"I obviously don't care to be quoted," says a New York physician close to the sporting scene. "However, as a general rule, team physicians tend to be men of action, not scholarly, speculative types. They are interested in immediate problems: making somebody strong, relaxed, mean or quick and in getting a player back in the game as soon as possible. If somebody tells them there is a drug that might



do the trick, they are apt to try it. They are not likely to wait around for a double-blind control study to find out if the drug is effective or what it will do to the liver three years later. They are interested in today."

"Quackery. That is the bane of sports medicine," says Dr. Daniel F. Hanley of Bowdoin College, Me., who has been a physician for three U.S. Olympic teams. "We've rid ourselves of some of the worst, but there are still too many people handing out get-good-quick pills, touting machines that send out blue sparks and make big muscles or advising athletes to drink superduper seaweed extracts. There is a time and place for certain drugs in sports, but each situation has to be evaluated individually. For example, I was with the Pan American team in 1967. One of our wrestlers, Wayne Baughman, a middleweight, severely pulled a muscle in his chest during a semifinal bout, which he won. He was in a lot of pain, virtually incapacitated. Before the finals I injected Novocain and taped him, and he won the gold medal. I am normally opposed to this type of treatment. I would never use it in high school or college competition. But this was a special case. The injury did not involve a weight-bearing area, such as a knee or ankle. There was little risk of aggravating the injury. And Baughman was a grown man competing for an international gold medal, an opportunity he might never have again. You balance risk against reward."

"Could he have wrestled without the shot?"

"No, he could hardly stand up," recalled Dr. Hanley.

"Sure, you can defend that," says Joe Kuczo, veteran head trainer of the Washington Redskins and Georgetown University, upon being told of the Baughman incident. "You do things in the big game you might not do otherwise. But the catch is that everything is getting to be a big game. The one you win or lose in September is just as important as the one in November. A pro football training camp used to be a fairly relaxed place. Now they are banging a week after

they get there. What goes on in July or August is real important to a rookie trying to make the team or to an older fellow struggling to last one more year. The coaches get worked up to the point that it is a life or death matter whether Joe Zich is ready for a Tuesday practice," says Kuczo.

While his own exuberance or ignorance may cause a physician to recommend or permit questionable drug practices, he is by and large immune from outside pressures in the matter. An obvious reason is that most team physicians are not financially dependent upon their sports medicine practice. Therefore, short of withdrawing his complimentary passes, there is not much leverage a player, a coach or even an owner can exert on a physician to give, say, Benzedrine if he doesn't want to. But the situation with trainers is quite different. They are full-time employees of the club and usually paid less than the lowest-salaried player or coach. They lack a physician's authority and status. They are with athletes and coaches every day, all day, while physicians are not. They have, or are thought to have, the keys to the drug cupboard. For most physicians the problem of ethical drug use is an academic one, like that of virtue in a nursery, their principles never being seriously challenged. Trainers, on the other hand, work in the athletic streets, and they are frequently tested.

"I know of a case," says Gene Donnelly, trainer for the Anaheim (Calif.) High School athletic department, "where a coach came to his trainer with Novocain and a needle. He had this hotshot halfback, a high school kid, with a real bad ankle. The coach did not have guts enough to ask the doc to give the shot, but he wanted the trainer to stick a needle in that ankle. The kid could really have been hurt, it was that bad. He might have been finished for good in sports."

"And what did the trainer do?"

"In that case," says Donnelly, "he told the coach to go to hell. He said he didn't need any job that bad."

Not so long ago a trainer for a large, athletically prestigious university quit or was fired, depending upon who is telling the story off the record. The trainer's version is that a new football coach coming to the institution brought along with assistants and playbooks a contraband supply of DMSO. The trainer was not consulted or informed about the drug. The coach simply administered it himself. By and by, the trainer was looking for a new job.

"I had this kook who coaches or does something with a girls' track club come up to me," says a West Coast trainer. "He's got these kids—grade school and high school girls—running in little two-bit AAU meets. He wants to see if I can get him Benzedrine. Can you believe it? I told him if I had a daughter I'd punch him in the mouth. Maybe I should have anyway."

An example of how athletic pressure, ambition or maybe just ignorance at a sub-medical level can result in what charitably can be called dubious drug practices occurred a few years ago at the training camp of the San Diego Chargers.

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The story was told by Dave Kocurek, now an offensive end for the Oakland Raiders, but then a member of the Chargers team.

"I guess this anabolic steroid business must have started on the Chargers around 1963 or right in there somewhere. One guy I can remember who got involved was Howard Kindig. He came to us as a highly touted center and linebacker from Los Angeles State. He was long and lean and very quick, and they wanted to put weight on him, so in addition to using the weight program run by our weight coach, Alvin Roy, they started pumping him full of Dianabol (a popular anabolic steroid), and sure enough he gained about 30 pounds.

"They were also passing out the stuff to the rest of us. They called it just 'pink pills.' We started taking it as a matter of course, but I wasn't too keen on the idea because I've never been much for this sort of thing—even the weight program. But, since I was the player representative, one day I asked Alvin and Sid Gillman, our coach, if the team physician had okayed these pills. They gave me sort of a vague answer. I don't remember what the answer was, but I do remember that it didn't satisfy me. As it happened, I lived next door to a physician and I asked him about anabolic steroids.

"The doctor told me, 'Listen, Dave, I don't think these things were intended for people who do the kind of work you people do. I think they were made for Milquetoast-type guys, people who sit in chairs all day long and never get a chance to build any healthy muscular tissue.'

"I told the other guys this and a lot of them quit taking them. Don't get me wrong. It wasn't ever any great big deal, or any cause for rebellion or mutiny. But a lot of the fellows just started throwing them away."

Kindig says he was still a student at Los Angeles State when the Chargers gave him Dianabol. He took the pills until his own doctor advised him that they might be dangerous.

"I didn't take them regularly," says Kindig, "but some other Chargers were taking them; Earl Faison and Ron Max, I remember."

The hassle in the Chargers' camp might be viewed as an example of innocent athletes resisting the advances of higher-up drug pushers, but such situations are rare. Generally, as Dr. Dooley says, modern athletes know a lot about drugs, or at least have a lot of opinions about them, and are willing to experiment with drugs about which no one knows very much. There are probably as many cases of athletes demanding drugs from trainers and physicians as physicians and trainers ordering athletes to take them.

The whole matter has been succinctly summarized by Hal Connolly, a veteran of four U.S. Olympic teams.

"My experience," says Connolly, "tells me that an athlete will use any aid to improve his performance short of killing himself."

Information about new drugs for athletics, new athletic

uses for old drugs and where to get and how to use exotic pills and shots, flows into the sports world from above, from medical meetings and publications, as a result of shop-talk between coaches, trainers and physicians and because drug men are actively pushing their preparations. However, it also wells up from below, because there is an athletic communications network of sorts that connects the locker rooms of the world.

While no sport has a monopoly on drug use or curiosity about drugs, in this country weight lifters and trackmen seem to be natural, eager couriers for information about get big, well, fast or mean pills and shots. There are several reasons for this. Trackmen and weight lifters compete in individual sports. They are among the most introspective of athletes, figuratively spending a lot of time watching their navels and literally watching their weight, muscle tone, respiration, pulse, bruises, strains, aches and psyches. Therefore, they tend to be especially susceptible to any suggestion that there may be some secret aid—animal, vegetable or mineral—that will jazz up their vital functions. In addition, they are cosmopolitan, competing all over the world, and thus able to trade more inside dope, so to speak, than stay-at-home football and baseball players can.

The case history of the anabolic steroids, drugs that 10 years ago were almost unknown to American athletes but now are used and/or gossiped about in virtually every sport, serves as a classic example of how drug fads spread. By his own account, the anabolic steroid pioneer in the U.S. sports world was Dr. John Ziegler, an Olney, Md. physician. In 1960, after hearing that Russian athletes were using hormones to "bulk up," Ziegler, in cooperation with the Ciba Pharmaceutical Company (the maker of Dianabol) began giving these drugs to weight lifters at the York (Pa.) Barbell Club. Dr. Ziegler eventually became concerned about anabolic steroid use. "The trouble was that the York men went crazy about steroids," says the Maryland physician. "They figured if one pill was good, three or four would be better, and they were eating them like candy. I began seeing prostate trouble, and a couple of cases of atrophied testes."

The weight lifters themselves were quickly convinced that anabolic steroids made them bigger and stronger and began to tout the drugs. (Some doctors were—and are—far less sure about their strength-building characteristics.) Track weight men were early converts. By the mid-1960s most of the top-ranking weight men had tried anabolic steroids, including Randy Matson (who used them while preparing for the 1964 Olympics), Dallas Long, Hal Connolly, Bill Toomey and Russ Hodge. Footballers, many of whom are as interested in trying to make themselves as big and strong as any weight lifter or shotputter, were also obvious anabolic steroid candidates. Though the Chargers' experiment may have been a bit abortive, the drug has since caught on in football. It is an assumption,

based on reasonably good but unverifiable reports, that some players on almost every NFL and AFL team have used anabolic steroids. It is a fact, according to physicians or players, that, in addition to the Chargers, members of the Kansas City Chiefs, Atlanta Falcons and Cleveland Browns have taken the drug. Ken Ferguson of Utah State University, who went on to play professional football in Canada, has said that 90% of college linemen have used steroids. "I'd say anybody who has graduated from college to professional football in the last four years has used them," said Ferguson in 1968. So widespread is the faith in hormones that there are verified incidents where pro scouts have supplied the drug to college draftees, and college recruiters have given it to high school players.

In this matter of how and why drug habits get started, the case of the anabolic steroids is far from unique. There are many other drugs—amphetamines, strychnine, cocaine, morphine, DMSO, tranquilizers, barbiturates, vasodilators, painkillers, anti-inflammants, enzymes, muscle relaxers—that have enjoyed sudden athletic popularity and whose use has spread quickly through the sporting world, despite official dampening admonishments.

Medicine and science aside, an underlying reason for this is that athletes and their attendants are flaming faddists. The sports world is full of fetishists, gamesmen who swear by the efficacy of nuts, raisins, pancakes, dirty undershirts, voodoo rituals, numbers, words, coins and medals. There is a rational explanation for this irrational belief in magic. More than perhaps any other group, the reputation and salary of an athlete depends on luck, a puddle of water, a gust of wind, a bounce of a ball. It is therefore understandable that athletes should be quick to experiment with any available magic potions.

Vitamin B-12 injections are an example of the athletes' craving to have magic worked on them. Professional football players are among the most devout B-12 believers, and there is many a Sunday hero who would no more go out to battle without having his shot than he would without his cleats. Athletes (football players are not alone, B-12 shots being fancied by baseball, basketball, track, swimming, hockey and weight lifting performers) believe that the shots prevent cramps, muscle pulls and general fatigue, cure hangovers and give you the jolies. The opinion among medical professionals is almost unanimous that the only real ther-

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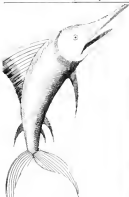
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DRUGS IN SPORT continued

peutic use of B-12 is as a corrective for pernicious anemia. Otherwise it has little if any effect, since excess B-12 is quickly eliminated from the system. "American athletes have the most expensive urine in the world," says Ray Baldwin, trainer at Xavier University and formerly with the Cincinnati Royals.

By bringing together athletes from all over the world and dumping them into the most formidable sporting pressure cooker yet devised, the quadrennial Olympic Games have traditionally (it took four physicians to revive the marathon winner of the 1904 St. Louis Olympics, an American, Tom Hicks, who proved to be loaded on strychnine and brandy) served as an exchange for drugs and drug recipes. This was particularly true in 1968, when everyone's attention was forcibly fixed on drug usage by the new anti-doping regulations and dope-detection tests instituted by the International Olympic Committee.

Shoe money and drugs were the two hottest conversational topics in the Olympic Village. A West German super steroid was much discussed. Olympic scuttlebutt also had it that African runners chewed kat, an anciently used herb from the Red Sea coast which supposedly masks fatigue, increases endurance and turns on the libido. An extract from the Tree of Life (a Korean bush) was rumored as being used for the same purposes. Bill Toomey believes one of his chief rivals in the decathlon had a shot of anti-inflammant (illegal according to Olympic drug rules) in his elbow prior to making a mighty javelin heave. "I did not see it, but a British coach said he saw it," says Toomey. The Russians, according to Americans, had a new wonder, anti-tension, pro-concentration pill. Some East Europeans were said to be taking a caffeine concentrate as a pick-me-up before competition. This was done presumably because amphetamines, which are traditionally used for this purpose, were illegal, and also presumably because they had not found the undetectable amphetamine that certain weight lifters boasted about having discovered.

An almost universal article of athletic faith is that the other side (the Humpty-

Dumps, the Russians, the Jones Junior High) is 1) using drugs and 2) getting drugs that are better than our drugs. The oftentimes bitter confrontation between the United States and Communist teams has understandably produced a lot of such feelings. "We are usually a long way behind the Russians in drug use," says U.S. Weight Lifter Bill Starr. "They make a scientific study of it. If they come up with something good, their teams all get it. Here it is a hit or miss thing."

But East Europeans believe the same thing about Americans. Foreign athletes find it inconceivable that American athletes, coming from the land of towering pill factories, are not the most thoroughly doped competitors in the world.

The notion that someplace there is a compound, a formula or a food that will automatically convert bronze medals into gold is a general one confined to no one nation, sport or class of competitors. This conviction that there is the athletic equivalent of the philosopher's stone sought by ancient alchemists, and the terrible fear that somebody else may have already found it, is the rationale—or irrationality—behind many of the current athletic drug practices. It is used as a justification by physicians and trainers for prescribing drugs that cannot be justified on conventional medical grounds. It is the excuse used by coaches and trainers ("There might be something in it") for pushing pills the effectiveness and safety of which are unknown. It is the reason athletes carry their own little black drug bags, endanger their health, risk their reputations and break oaths and laws to get and use bizarre pharmaceuticals. It explains the ever-multiplying rumors about records being set and games being won by doped competitors. Finally, the belief in the existence of the ultimate pill, and the unrelenting search for it, is why many doctors share Dr. Kerlan's fear that athletic drug practices are leading to a sports scandal of major proportions.

Next Week

An analysis of sport's medicine chest who takes what, the results they seek and why the effects are suspect and the hazards great.

The Legend of 100 Pipers

Legend has it that
if you sip a
good Scotch
you hear one Piper.
If the Scotch
is mellow,
two or three Pipers.
If smooth, five
or six.
But if the Scotch
is truly noble,
you'll hear
one hundred Pipers
gently piping.

Seagram captured
this legend in a
bottle and named it
100 Pipers Scotch.

We don't
ask you to swallow
the legend. Just
a sip now and then
of the taste
that matches it.



Seagram's 100 Pipers Scotch.
Taste that matches legend.

Every drop bottled in Scotland at 86 Proof. Blended
Scotch Whisky. Imported by Seagram Distillers Co., N.Y.C.



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Race proved for your car

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOATING—DON ARONOFF of Coral Gables, Fla., former professional stock racing champion, won the \$50,000 Bahamas 350 with *The Captain*, a 32-foot Cyma craft with Mercruiser power. Aronoff, who narrowly beat McRae in *Moss Lim*, averaged nearly 45 mph for the 512 miles.

300-YARD—CH KISMET'S RED BAKON, a 3-year-old Afghan hound, was judged best at the 39th annual North Shore Kennel Club event in Tarrytown, Mass. It was the first year that Red, owned by Mrs. Charles Foster of New York and handled by Jack Tarrytown.

GAULF—Muffin faced ORVILLE MOODY, 35, of Killeen, Texas, a former GI and winner of Korean tournaments but never set in America, when a steady laid round 72 to pick the U.S. Open championship from a galaxy of winning whizzes (page 18).

Defending British Amateur Champion MIKE BON-ALLACK, of Torquay Bay, England, defeated Bill Hyndman, 33, of Manassas Park, Va. 3 and 2, at Haystack, Bonallack, captain of England's Walker Cup team, in the first place since 1971 to win the title two consecutive years and the third to win four times.

KATHY WHITEWORTH shot a one-under-par 72 in the final round of the \$25,000 Betty Berg Classic at Suzann, Miss. to beat Sandra Haynie by one stroke with a 214. Miss White took leads the women's tour in earnings with \$12,775.

HARNESS RACING—NEVILLE PERE (55-40), driven by Stanley Dufour, scored off with a \$10,000 race earned for his son, Star's Pride, at Yonkers Raceway, N.Y., on 2-1-72.

HOCKEY—NHL. Converting in Montreal, the NHL reduced the maximum limit in the universal cutoff stick but postponed final decisions on future expansion, and in the second draft did little to alter the status quo. The St. Louis Blues and some of the most active player movement, going up the 1971 Rookie of the Year, left CARROLL HENLEY, 36, to the AHL's Buffalo Bisons in the "injury" draft, and acquiring Center PHIL GOYETTE from New York. The Blues also traded Toronto's FREDERICK TOTT, 27, the NHL's top defenseman from 1962 to 1965 (40 Chicago goals). The Blues' Hawks, who were in the minor league, ended up Goals TONY ESPINOSA from Montreal. New York told to return, the former help, ended up Goals TONY ESPINOSA from Montreal. New York told to return, the former help, ended up Goals TONY ESPINOSA from Montreal.

HORSE RACING—TELL (35-40), ridden by Don Fancer, ran away from favored Jay Ray to take the

\$126,000 Hollywood Derby by 4½ lengths, covering the 1¼-mile in 2:00 minutes.

At Arlington Park in Chicago, favored FRODOPE (34-40, Bucky Lutzky Jr.) won the \$75,000 Equine Mile—also by 4½ lengths—over Irie.

HORSE SHOWS—TOM GAYFORD won the first Grand Prix of North America in Toronto, leading CANADA to a sweep of the first four places.

LACROSBY—The SOUTH beat the North 12-11 in the 28th annual College All-Star Game in Baltimore in Joe Corvino and Charlie Gendall of Johns Hopkins led the women with seven goals and two assists between them.

NOTICE SPORTS—JACKIE ICKK of Belgium and JACKIE OLIVER of England won the 14 miles of Le Mans in a Ford GT40, finishing a mere 100 yards ahead of a Porsche 906 driven by Hans Herrmann of Germany and Gerard Larrousse of France (page 38). Aachen Ford GT40, that of David Healy and Mike Hailwood, finished third. Brian's John Woods was killed while the first five minutes of the race when his Porsche 917 crashed and burned.

DENIS HULME and Bruce McLaren finished 1-2 in the \$50,000 Can-Am race at Le Circuit Mont Tremblant, Quebec, as they had in the season's first race at Mosport, Ontario, but reversed the order. Each again drove a McLaren. Mike Cherry, Britain's John Barren was in the fight until he and McLaren collided and swans dropped out. Chuck Parsons and Lister Matchless of California were third and fourth.

The Mercedes of Cale Yarborough and Lee Roy Yarbrough led on the final lap of the Motor State 500 stock car race at Michigan International Speedway, but Cale survived to win, at an average speed of 139.325 mph. David Pearson was second, in a Ford.

BOXING—PENN won in fourth round USA eight-ward safety championship. Bamberg, 2,000-pounder came on Oronoquia Lake, N.Y. in 30-4, a length ahead of Darmstadt (page 34).

HARVARD variety night box year by night lengths, as their annual show, the 1968, opened the four-day upstream course on Connecticut's Thames River in 19-37.

TENNIS—Australia's JEN ROSEWELL had the upset streak of France's Perry Forth in the Wells Open championship, Rivet, England, with 1-9, 6-3, 6-1 victory in the finals. MARKGRIFF COURT defeated Billie Jean King 6-3, 6-3. For the women's side in the Kent grass court championship in Beckenham, GVE RINGSTON of Sweden de-

patched Tom German of Seattle 6-4, 7-5 while JENSEN CARTER, an 18-year-old from Los Angeles, scored a 6-3, 7-3 upset over Australia's Kerry Melville in the women's singles.

The U.S.S.R. and RUMANIA scored upset victories over Italy and Spain, respectively, to gain the Davis Cup European Zone finals for the first time.

TRACK AND FIELD—Australia's RON CLARKE overtook Jack Becher of Florida in the two mile at the Orange County International winning in 8:30.9 and taking home the disappointing silver medal. In the same race, Australia's Olympic silver medalist RALPH DOUBELL, taught Fils Johnson of Hawaii won A&M in the last turn to win the 880 in 1:47.8, and OTIS BURRELL won the high jump at 7' 3½". In the seventh annual U.S. championships at Lexington, Ky., CLETIS MILLS of Texas and A&M won the 440 in 46.1. RICHMOND FLOWERS won the 120-yard high hurdles in 1:17 and MARK MURDO won the archery with a 2867-27 throw for a meet record. It was Murdo's second-best shot, he is among contenders of an American record of 297-7. Earlier in the week, in Leicester, England, MARIA GOMMERS of The Netherlands set a world mile record for women with a time of 4:38.8. She also holds the record for the 1,500 meters, at 4:15.0.

In Budapest, ROMUALD KLIM of the U.S.S.R. threw the hammer a world record 346' 6", breaking the former mark by 2' 6".

MILEPOSTS—HONORED By Queen Elizabeth II on her birthday in, ROSEN KNOX JOHNSTON, (the late) born he led up around the world (C & E), cricketer BASIL COLIVERIA (C & E) and footballer BOBBY CHARLTON (C & E).

TRADED By the Dallas Cowboys in the New York Giants, PETER GENT, 28, for an undrafted draft choice. A three-year veteran at Dallas, Gent played out his option last season after losing his starting role to Lance Roston.

RETIRED BOB SKORONSKI, 25, captain of the Green Bay Packers' offensive line, no further added injury because full-time. An 11-year packer veteran, Skoronski had played both center and left tackle. He is the third packer veteran to retire in the past year.

DIED JOE ENGEL, 76, one of the last of himself's major career-lugers and a baseball star. A so-called big-league pitcher who later figured in the home and signing of Babe Ruth, Joe Cronin and Rocky Harris, Engel batted the Chattanooga Cherokees of the Southern Association from 1930 to 1963 and earned his name in showbiz by trading a shutout for a 25-second barfly.

CREDITS

18—Walters (10-1) & 20-22—John Dine, 23—Joe Smith, 26-28—Shayla E (10-1), 47—Don Sykes, W. D. & H. C. W. 48, 58—Mark Schellman, 34, 36—Eric Schellman, 38—Garry Cronin, 77—Ken Tom (10-1) All Times U.S. Army, 70-1-72

FACES IN THE CROWD



MIKE RUSK, a 5' 10" right-hander for Guston High School in Palo Alto, Calif., was a 10-1 league record this season, with a 75-inning ERA of 0-35 and a no-hitter, a one-hitter and two two-hitters to his credit. Mike has struck out 112 batters and given up only 11 walks.



LIEUT. CHUCK RICHARDSON of Tacoma, Wash., won the overall title in the sixth CIMM Modern Pentathlon at San Antonio, Texas, with 4,600 points, leading his team to the title with a total of 14,328 points, 10 ahead of runnerup Switzerland which was followed by Italy.



FROSTY ANDERSON, a recent honor graduate of Scotch Hill (Neb.), and son of famed basketball coach Fordy Anderson, played on the champion football team, was first string in basketball and in three years of track won eight firsts, nine seconds, five thirds.



JOHN DAVID MOORE led the Bayler Med School Rugby team as it ran up a total of 57 points in winning the Texas Invitational Rugby Tournament at Austin, Texas. John, a 5' 8" sophomore from Carlsdale, Ill., scored 22 points during the three-game series.



VIRGINIA BROWN, tennis coach at Odessa (Texas) College (whose teams won men's national JC championship slams in 1964 and 1968 and the women's championship in 1967) has a dual-meet record of 24-0 this season, and is a Coach of the Year in her conference.



JOHN MELNICK, 17, of Berwick, Pa., won the state Intercollegiate Athletic Association golf championship, shooting 207 for the 54-hole tournament at Penn State—10 strokes better than Arnold Palmer's winning score in 1947. John had been a co-sponsor before.

BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

NATIONAL LEAGUE

It was a week of valleys and peaks for Catcher Manny Sanguillen of Pittsburgh (4-2), who played so poorly that he was benched almost hitting .339. In one game against the Astros he was spectacularly inept, dropping a throw at the plate after tagging a runner out and being picked off base for the third time in five games. Finally, he dropped the ball when Curt Blefary fanned, which would normally have been of no consequence since there was a man on first with one out and the batter was automatically out. Sanguillen, though, was entitled to do what he wanted with the ball and what he did was make a wild throw to first base that wound up in right field. That permitted the runner to advance to third, from where he scored as the Astros won 7-4. "He's killing us," complained Manager Larry Shepard. But back in the lineup later in the week, Sanguillen began to think positive. With a superb bit of acting, he convinced an umpire that he was hit by a pitch, and then scored the winning run on Carl Taylor's pinch hit. The next day it was Sanguillen who got the pinch hit that beat the Braves 2-1 in the 10th. There was no question of benching Matty Alou, whose .500 week raised his league-leading average to .368. The speed also increased his hit total to 96, a pace that would surpass the big-league record of 257 hits in a season set in 1920 by George Sisler. Art Shamsky of New York (2-3) had a week similar to Sanguillen's. He committed an error that helped the Dodgers beat the Mets 1-0 and then retaliated with a home run in a 3-1 Met victory as Tom Seaver won his 10th game. Ron Fairly of Montreal (3-4), acquired from the Dodgers in a trade for Maury Wills and Manny Mota, got a ninth-inning hit to beat the Padres

and his first homer of the season. Billy Chappin and Grant Jackson of Philadelphia (5-1) pitched shutouts against the Dodgers, and Rick Wise stopped the Padres on three hits. Midway through a radio interview, Richie Allen asked what he would be paid for his postgame appearance. When told he would get trading stamps, Allen said, "I don't give anyone an interview for trading stamps," and walked off. Later he explained, "There's only 40 minutes after the game until the bus leaves for the hotel. If I miss the bus, everybody says Richie Allen is in trouble again." It looked more and more like this would not be the year for St. Louis (3-2), where the latest omen could be the dry beer kegs caused by the Anheuser-Busch strike. Even more painful were the 14 losses in 21 games against the fifth- and sixth-place teams. Manager Red Schoendienst aroused his slumping hitters for batting practice at 7:30 one morning and then imposed an earlier curfew when on the road. Chicago (4-3) lengthened its Eastern lead to 8½ games as Reliever Phil Regan got two wins and a save. Don Kessinger set a major league single-season record for strikeouts by extending his consecutive errorless games to 54. Cincinnati (3-4) batters went on a 331-splurge. Red pitchers, though, were hit broadside by opposing batters, who amassed 51 runs. Lee May hit three homers, one of which would have been a double last year before the Cardinals painted a yellow line on their scoreboard. Anything hit above it is now a homer. So far this season seven balls have gone over the line, and six of them have been hit by Reds. Henry Aaron of Atlanta (2-4) also had three homers, but his teammates had none and the Braves barely clung to first place in the West. Ed Speer of San Diego (1-5), who began the month

with a .208 batting average, has been hitting close to .400 in June and last week topped things off with five home runs. Los Angeles (3-3) scored just seven runs but tight pitching by Don Sutton and Alan Foster, and a strong comeback by Don Drysdale, salvaged three wins. Although there was another league crackdown on spitballs, the umpires were not able to catch No. 1 suspect Gaylord Perry of San Francisco (4-2). Oblivious to it all, Perry ended the Met win streak at 11 games with a four-hitter. A frightening collision between Jesus Alou and Hector Torres of Houston (2-3) could have resulted in tragedy had it not been for fast work by Pittsburgh trainer Tony Bartoreme and his Houston counterpart, Jim Ewell. They may well have saved Alou's life, prying his tongue from the back of his throat and inserting a rubber hose that permitted Alou to breathe normally again. Torres received only minor cuts, but Alou got a severe concussion and a broken jaw.

Standings—East: On 42 13 NY 30 26, PH 30 30, SD 29 31, Phil 23 33, Mon 21 41, Pitt 22 44, LA 22 45, SF 22 45, Sea 20 47, Hou 20 51, SD 20 52.

AMERICAN LEAGUE

After hitting his 20th home run, Rico Petrocelli of Boston (2-4) revealed the secret to his new-found slugging. "I'm faster and stronger with my hands," he explained. "Would you believe it's because of playing the drums? I played at least two hours every day last winter." Nondrummers Carl Yastrzemski and Joe LaHoud also homered. Yastrzemski and LaHoud, an OGB nonhitter, three times, all in one game. Joe Arcut, angered by not playing, became the latest athlete to embark upon instant retirement. He quit the team, went home and then was traded to the Angels for Tom Satriano.

HIGHLIGHT

"You gonna hit three home runs in this ball park," said Reggie Jackson of the Oakland Athletics as he flashed his eyes on Boston's Fenway Park last week. Why the annual Jackson was so optimistic about hitting in a right-hander's haven defies explanation, what he did, though, almost defied the ages. In Saturday's game he drove in 10 runs. He began by doubling across one run in the first inning, then hit two-run homers in the third and fifth, batted in two runs with a seventh-inning single and three more in the eighth with a bloop single. Jackson's 10 RBIs fell one short of the American League record set in 1936 by Tony Lazzeri of the Yankees and two shy of the major league mark established in 1924 by Jim Bottomley of the Cardinals. A streakout with the bases loaded in the sixth cut Jackson the record

and, ironically, a lack of strikeouts caused Jackson to miss another record last year. His 171 strikeouts came when four of the all-time high sets by Dave Nicholson of the White Sox in 1961. But the big record Roger Maris' 61 asterisk homers—stands well within the reach of the big 16' 2", 195 pounds) 23-year-old outfielder from Wyncote, Pa. Jackson, who followed up his big day with a double triple, home run and four more RBIs the next afternoon, has 21 homers, one more than Babe Ruth on the same stage in 1927, and three more than Maris in 1961. Rico Petrocelli of the Red Sox and Willie McCovey of the Giants, with 20 and 21 homers, respectively, are right behind Petrocelli has a calcified elbow, McCovey an arthritic knee and Jackson, not to be outdone, football knees and an arthritic spine. If all three feel rotten enough, this should be some race for baseball's golden record.



JACKSON RECORDS, RECORDS

The Night Their Luck Turned

A former Minneapolis Lakers basketball player, the late Jim Krebs, left behind this account of a losing team's day of victory by JIM KREBS

Back in the season of 1959-60 we of the Minneapolis Lakers did not exactly think of ourselves as winners. Yet that's what we were, and here's how we found out, on a Sunday night in January. That day, Jan. 17, 1960, didn't begin much differently for us than any other day—which is to say we lost a basketball game. We were fighting it out with Cincinnati for last place in the NBA and this, our fourth straight loss, gave them something to shoot at if they were going to stay in the race.

The St. Louis Hawks had battered us that afternoon 135 to 119 on their home court. The 7,120 St. Louis fans at the game had been, as usual, insufferable, and Bob Pettit had not cheered us noticeably by slipping in 34 points to push his career total over the 10,000 mark. All in all, everyone in St. Louis had a big time—except the Lakers. By 6 p.m., glad to get out of town, we had showered, dressed and squeezed our 60-some-odd feet of elongated bodies into three taxis. There were nine players including myself: Hot Rod Hundley, Elgin Baylor, Dick Garmaker, Bob Leonard, Larry (Board Hands) Foust, Boo Ellis, Tom Hawkins and Frank Selvy. Our coach for the time being was Jim Pollard.

At the airport Pollard announced that our plane would leave at 8 o'clock. Our plane was an ancient, Laker-owned DC-3, possibly contemporary with the Stanley Steamer. We used to race school buses on the highways below us. We beat one once, when the winds were right. Some people thought we had a jet because the motors vomited out so much smoke—a tribute, I guess, to splendid maintenance. When at last this streamlined wonder was ready, we gathered together at Gate 13—when you lose as often as we did you get over being superstitious—and climbed aboard our home-away-from-home. Already in the plane were pilot Vern Ullman and copilot Harold Gifford, plus several Laker fans and four of their children. They came for the ride. They got their money's worth.

Five of us immediately resumed our floating hearts game while the rest of the passengers made themselves comfortable. Baylor had only been caught cheating twice (this was considerably below his average for 10 minutes) by the time Ullman started us down the runway toward the black Missouri sky.

No one paid much attention to the bad weather outside. We were used to

flying in winter sleet, snow, wind and rain. Things seemed pretty normal as our plane gamely lurched through the wind and fog. The children quickly dropped off to sleep.

All at once the lights in the cabin flickered, then went quite dim. Several minutes later it was almost dark. The engines were humming along in perfect tune. It was too dark now for Baylor to see his own cards, let alone peek at mine, so the game broke up. Suddenly the lights went completely out, and it began getting colder by the minute. Apparently the heater had gone off with the lights. Outside the window to my left, the wing was barely visible through the pea-soup clouds. I was pretty scared now—and not the only one.

Some 30 minutes after takeoff we broke through and above the cloud bank. Directly over us in the otherwise black sky, the full moon was brilliant. Below us as far as I could see in any direction was a solid blanket of clouds. It looked like hundreds of square miles of cotton candy. I have never felt quite so alone.

A few minutes later we learned just how alone we were. Ullman gave us a report from the cockpit—a complete electrical failure. This meant no radio, no lights, no instruments, no heat and no idea where we were.

Since earlier weather reports had indicated the possibility of clearing conditions to the northwest, Ullman's plan was to maintain a steady course in this direction. He took us as high as our unpressurized DC-3 would go, 17,000 feet. This increased our range of visibility and took our unlighted plane away from the heavily traveled lower air lanes.

Since the defrosters on the windshield were inoperative, Ullman kept the side windows of the cockpit open for visibility. The temperature inside the plane dropped to around zero. I was turning blue from either cold or lack of oxygen.

During the next three hours things were pretty much status quo. Most everyone mixed their efforts to keep warm

with prayers. It was a quiet group, each of us preoccupied with our own thoughts, hopes, fears and prayers. My reflections were primarily concerned with my wife and infant daughter.

The children, calm and bundled in blankets, dozed on and off. The only thing visible in the cabin was the occasional eerie glow of a burning cigarette. Baylor stretched out on the floor in the back of the plane, mumbling something about going out in comfort.

I had just about decided that I would freeze to death when Ullman sent back word for us to tighten our seat belts. We were going to start our descent. It had been four hours since takeoff. We normally carried six hours' fuel supply. Ullman had gambled that we could make it to the supposedly clear area to the northwest. Below us, nothing but clouds. Our losing streak was intact.

We were going to make a blind descent through the clouds without the slightest knowledge of what lay below. If the visibility was too limited for landing we would know it all too soon, but there was no alternative. What goes up must come down and we would soon be down—one way or another.

Minutes later we plunged back into the clouds. The moon disappeared above us. It was pitch black now inside and out except for the dim yellow glow from the lone flashlight in the cockpit.

Ullman dropped us a little at a time through the haze, obviously afraid to go down blindly but even more afraid not to. This descent didn't worry me particularly—it was thoughts of a sudden stop that had me upset.

My eyes were straining through the window looking for something besides fog. An eternity of minutes crept by. Suddenly I caught a glimpse of a string of fence posts just below us. Seconds later a lone light appeared off in the distance. We had made it through the clouds and were flying under a 300-foot ceiling—hardly ideal conditions, but at least we could see.

continued

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the uncommon motor oil

The Lakers continued

This last several hundred feet back to earth would be the toughest. It was snowing furiously with nothing but barren, snow-covered farmland below. Ullman was flying zigzags now, hoping to find a sign of civilization and a place to land. Forty-three eyes strained in all directions (Leonard was too scared to open both eyes). A group of lights to the left proved to be a house—then another. Gradually a small town came to view. It looked like Times Square to me. Leonard opened both eyes.

We flew over the town square like a lost crop duster. Ullman wanted to wake the town up. Maybe they had an airport and would turn on the runway lights. All over town lights popped on in the houses. People ran into the streets. But no runway lights.

Ullman wanted to identify the town. If he could get his bearings he could find the nearest airport by compass. Three trips around the water tower were fruitless. The name couldn't be made out, only the word "STINKS '59" spelled out in big lettering was readable.

It was now 1 a.m. and time was fast getting short. Below us we could see the people in the streets looking up in various directions, apparently unable to see their lightless but noisy intruder. Most every house in town was now lit up and the scene below us reminded me of the quaint villages pictured on Christmas cards. It looked so warm and safe.

Ullman left town and started zigzagging around the countryside again. I hated to leave the reassuring lights and people but, for Ullman, time was becoming more and more important as our unknown fuel supply came closer and closer to exhaustion. Once again we were flying precariously low over desolate farmland.

Suddenly and violently the tempo of the motors strained and roared—the plane lurched upward. For several agonizing seconds, while the motors groaned and complained, I waited for the crash. It never came. Gradually we straightened out. We had narrowly missed some sort of tower. Ullman's good eyes and quick reflexes had given us a reprieve.

By compass we headed back toward the town. Time and the uncertainty of our fuel supply had forced Ullman's hand. We were going to have to make our own runway.

The town looked like paradise to me

when we returned. However, several passes up and down the main streets proved that things weren't laid out to accommodate DC-3s. We looked for a likely field on the outskirts. The thick covering of snow plus the poor visibility made everything look pretty much the same.

Cornfields, pastures, and ponds all looked alike under the snow. Marble reminders of the past rose above the snow and identified the local cemetery for us. That certainly wouldn't do.

Finally Ullman spotted a small uncut cornfield. The cornstalks were sticking up through the snow—evidence that there was solid ground underneath and not a thinly frozen pond or lake waiting to swallow us whole. Scared as I was at the prospect of an emergency landing on an unknown field, I was ready to get on with it—one way or another.

We made several investigative passes over our field and at last Ullman made his final preparations. Wheels down, we were coming in. Everyone was tightly strapped in, ready for whatever and praying. As the snow rushed up to greet us I could hear copilot Gifford calling out our diminishing airspeed. At 60 mph we hit—bounced—hit again and then slid to a glorious three-point stop.

We were delirious. Spontaneous cheering, laughing, crying and backslapping broke loose. It was the first outward sign of emotion since Foust threatened to tear up the cards. The door was ripped open and several of us piled out into the snow. I can't recall having ever been as thankful and delighted.

Garmaker and I ran off through the knee-deep snow toward a group of cars that had appeared on a road about half a mile away. The first vehicle we reached at the front of the line was a hearse. I'm positive I detected a slightly disappointed look when the driver found out everyone was all right.

The town turned out to be a pleasant little place called Carroll; the state, Iowa, the time, 1:30 Monday morning, remaining fuel, 10 minutes' worth. An hour later I had thawed out and was on a phone in the local hotel with my wife, Jane, on the other end in Minneapolis. It was wonderful hearing his voice. "Where have you been? What? Carol who?" Everything was back to normal.

God had answered our prayers. We had broken our losing streak. **END**

Potter hitting by Frank Robinson (.421), Don Buford (.346), Dave Johnson (.381), Paul Blair (.367) and Boog Powell (.308) kept Baltimore (5-1) well in front in the East. Powell, who usually does not hit well in odd-numbered years, had three homers and proclaimed, "I'm out to mess up the statistics, but good." Dave Leonhard beat the clock and the White Sox, pitching three scoreless innings of relief and then catching a 2 a.m. flight from Chicago so he could be on time for a 7 a.m. date with the National Guard in Baltimore. The closest thing to 5 o'clock lightning in New York (2-4) was a heavy rain that helped the Yankees beat the Pilots 4-0 in five innings after having lost three of four one-run decisions. Washington (2-3) got a rare complete game—the sixth of the year for the staff—from Jim Sheltenback, who made his first start since 1967. Joe Sparras of Detroit (4-1) shut out the Royals and Mickey Lolich struck out 16 Pilots in nine innings, then was lifted and watched the Tigers lose in the 10th. There were signs of revival in Cleveland (3-3). Dick Ellsworth pitched his first shutout of the season, Steve Hargan won his first game and Sam McDowell got his fourth win in a row. And 5' 9" Ken Suarez came up from the minors and had four hits and five RBIs in two games against floundering Minnesota (2-4). Not even the speed of Harmon Killebrew, who legged out a triple and stole his fourth base of the year, could keep the Twins from sinking slowly in the West. Moving to the top was Oakland (5-1), which blitzed the Red Sox 21-7 and 13-5, and got prodigious hitting from Reggie Jackson (*below*). He batted .560, had six home runs and 19 RBIs. Rookie Managers Don Guttenberg of Chicago (2-5) and Lefty Phillips of California (2-2) chose different means of shaking up their teams and got only mixed results. Guttenberg benched Bill Melton and Walt Williams and demoted Carlos May from No. 3 to No. 8 in the lineup. May promptly got three hits and four RBIs and just as quickly moved back to No. 3—and went 0 for 7. Melton returned to the lineup and homered, but Williams went hitless. As for Phillips, he fired five players for missing a bedcheck. The chastened Angels beat the Orioles 7-5, then split two games with the Senators. Gene Brabender of Seattle (3-3) held off the Yankees 2-1 and the Pilots rallied for three runs in the ninth to win the next night 5-4. Manager Joe Gordon of Kansas City (2-3) could not decide during spring training who was his No. 1 catcher. Yankee Manager Ralph Houk offered to bet it would be Elie Rodriguez, a former Yankee. So last week there was Rodriguez in Yankee Stadium hitting a three-run homer and a two-run single to make Houk a winning bettor but losing manager.

Standings: East: Balt. 44-31, Bos. 36-22, Det. 35-23, Wash. 32-27, NY 20-32, Cleve. 20-19, Phila. 18-29-75, Minn. 21-24, Sea. 19-31, Cin. 22-32, KC 24-24, Cal. 15-26.

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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

COME BACK, JOE

Sirs

Football Commissioner Pete Rozelle made one of his biggest mistakes in ordering Joe Namath to sell or be suspended (*Mod Man Out*, June 16). He said in an interview that he was certain that Namath had done nothing wrong, but that by his associating with "gamblers and suspicious characters" in his restaurant he had laid football open to suspicion by the public. The public, unlike Rozelle, isn't going to condemn Namath for what he has done because so far he has done nothing. The law is unable to do anything about these gamblers; they are allowed to go free and they probably own legitimate businesses of their own. As long as they haven't been punished for what they have done, why make Namath pay for what he hasn't done? Even if he wanted to, he couldn't refuse anyone service in his restaurant. Namath is being judged on guilt by association and not really judged, because how can he be judged right or wrong when Rozelle, the judge himself, has admitted Namath had done nothing at all? As long as the law is unable to judge in this way, how can the commissioner of football be allowed to, no matter how important the "sacred image of unblemished sport" is?

BRANDON HOLT

Bose, Idaho

Sirs

Football (Mr. Rozelle) has made another forward step in attempting to widen the gap between sport and today's generation. There are enough plastic things in the world today. At least give an old 23-year-old fan like me and millions of kids believable heroes. The Jack Armstrong myth is no longer I would bet all my old SIs that a majority of athletes don't teach Sunday School and some probably don't even like the taste of milk. Perhaps a cliché, but the kids today do know "what's happening." And what's happening is that athletes, even our Impact Champions, have a right to their own ways and attitudes off the field.

Some no-good once told me that Mr. Rozelle plays cribbage for beers, so, if I promise not to snitch on you, Pete, please let Joe do his own thing.

BOB EVERS

Painted Post, N.Y.

Sirs

To try to force Namath to sell his nightclub would be a violation of his constitutional rights. Namath's stand on principle is just one of his many beautiful qualities that endears him to his fans. Namath's honesty is above question and we fans trust him completely. He has every right to own a nightclub if he chooses. He has never and would never

have anything to do with fixing a football game for gamblers. Who needs it?

AOELLE WHITE

Sylacauga, Ala.

TODAY'S HEROES

Sirs

The first time I read *What Price Heroes?* (June 9) I thought the author was pulling my leg, the second time I thought it was funny, the third time I realized that he was 100% correct.

PETER FRIEDMANN

Mercer Island, Wash.

Sirs

According to Mr. Deford, Simpson is already better than Gale Sayers, Jim Brown, Leroy Kelly, Joe Namath, John Unitas, Bart Starr or anyone that's ever played in the history of the NFL or AFL.

He's saying let the owner give Simpson at least \$13 million for the records it looks like he could break, the crowds it appears he could draw, the injuries he might avoid and the pressures he may overcome.

A man that says Oscar Robertson is not a superstar is not all bad, just wrong.

GARY JONES

Hartford City, Ind.

Sirs

Writer Deford raises some interesting and provocative points in his article. As to his initial question about which organization (General Motors or the Buffalo Bills) is wrong—since the former is willing to pay D. J. Simpson \$250,000 for a few minutes of televised discussion of automotive merits whereas the Bills will only begrudgingly disgorge \$650,000 for several bone-jarring years on the gridiron amidst surly behemoths.

Mr. Deford is hereby advised that neither is wrong. General Motors is interested in D.J. only to the extent to which he performs his projected heroics on behalf of the Bills. If he performs said heroics for a brand-spanking-new and far-less-known league theoretically begun by Howard Hughes, as suggested later in the article, General Motors may very well revise its offer to \$2,500. What price would Simpson's advertising words command if he played for the Calgary Stampeders next fall? The facts of economic life insist that O.J. add the \$250,000 on top of the \$650,000, plus many other probable emoluments, in evaluating the Bills' offer. He should not, economically speaking, view the GM offer as creating an odious comparison with the Bills' meager stipend, as the writer seems to suggest.

Playing football successfully (on TV) for the Bills is what opens the door to the attention of generous sponsors and other similar-

ly rewarding situations. Yes, O.J. is a little greedy and a little shortsighted, I do believe.

RONALD J. YOUNG

Haverford, Pa.

Sirs

Frank Deford proposes a pro tour for the raffish golfers, separate from the big-name players. Why? It is just a matter of time until a new batch of Palmers and Nicklaus emerge from the pack and establish themselves as superstars.

Mr. Deford insinuates that we should have only the superstars winning every week, yet the Women's PGA tour in effect does just that and it creates a very unhealthy situation. In summary, if he is going to write an all-encompassing article on sports heroes, he should be better informed on all the sports.

JOHN E. FURZE

Baltimore

Sirs

Congratulations to Frank Deford for uncovering one of the great American problems. In this day and age of everything being relative to something, players' salaries seem to be relative only to each other and to the middle-class incomes of the people Mr. Deford spoke about.

Anything less than what O.J. (and others) are asking should be exploitation because of what the organizations are going to make from their use.

H. A. YAZEL III

Smithville, Mo.

Sirs

As a Washington Redskins' season-ticket holder, I was very amused at Mr. Deford's rhetorical doubt that Washington fans will continue to pay money to see Vince Lombardi's "faceless performers." Washington fans have long packed both Griffith Stadium and D.C. Stadium in order to watch Joe Kubby's, Mike Nixon's, Bill Mo-Pear's and Otto Graham's "faceless performers."

RALPH W. SMITH

Lutherville, Md.

POT AND KETTLE

Sirs

Your recent *SCORECARD* ("Bad Show," June 2) on the CBS Super Bowl film was the most honest analysis I have seen of the unfair publicity with which the AFL has had to cope for nine years.

I commend you for the article, but I must say that it was a case of the pot calling the kettle black. For years, SI has given preferential treatment to the NFL. Last year you carried at least two biased articles. One was on the races in pro football, and the

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18TH HOLE reviewed

other on the great young quarterbacks in pro football. Both stories were made to sound in your future billings as though they covered the two leagues, but when the stories came out, the first turned out to be about the races in the NFL, and the second, "The Young Generals," mentioned Bili Kilmer and Craig Morton but somehow forgot Joe Namath, Daryle Lamonia, Bob Griese and all the other great young AFL quarterbacks.

ANGELO F. CONIGLIO

Amherst, N.Y.

Sirs:

I am compelled to write you to express the thanks of the millions of fans who viewed the first episode of *NFL Action* and were, as I was, totally nauseated by it. Ed Sabol made a mistake in not calling it *Colt Action*. The first episode, which you so aptly reviewed, wasn't really a film of the Super Bowl but rather *The Johnny Weissmuller Show*. The Jets dominated the whole game, but in the film the whole show was centered around the Colts finally scoring (to make the score 16-7).

The second episode to date was equally sickening, showing films of the Colts and the perennial losers, the Dallas Cowboys, almost exclusively. I hope future episodes will show some NFL action.

JAMES CROWDER

Shelby, N.C.

Sirs:

Surely we are aware of the fact that 70 million people watched the Super Bowl on TV. The following day each newspaper and magazine throughout the United States described the game in careful detail. A week later Vince Lombardi and Howard Cosell dissected the key plays on a major-network TV show. In our media a film version of the same damn thing six months later is unacceptable!

May I suggest that you take your eyes off the rearview mirror. A more contemporary criticism and surely a more valid one would be written by a film critic, not a sports reporter. I believe (and the response we received validates this) that we made an honest effort to show another view of a great sporting event, within the framework of film-making. To pass the film off as "embarrassingly bad," because it was produced for the great masses of TV viewers and not as a coaching film is what is called in the parlance of pro-football "a cheap shot." Embarrassingly bad? Too whom?

ED SABOL
President
NFL Films, Inc.

Philadelphia

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